Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1671.

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THE BYSTANDER, DECEMBER 25, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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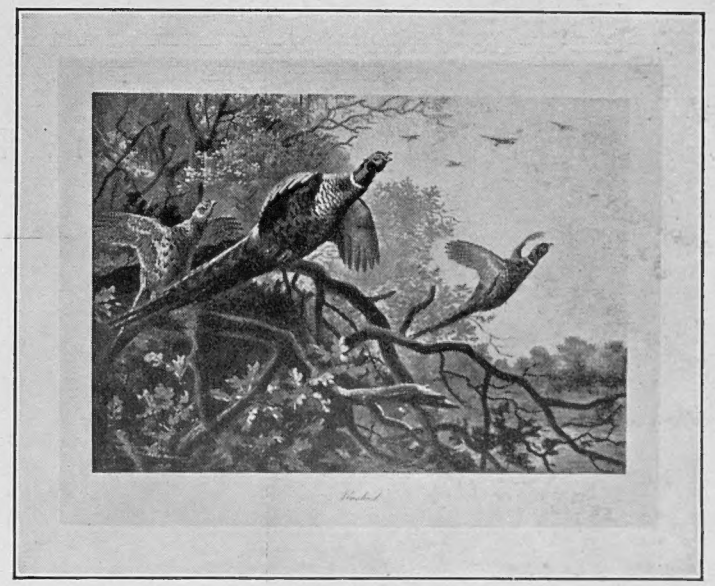

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The Bystander, December 25, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1671. Vol. CXXVIII.

Cannons of Hollywood

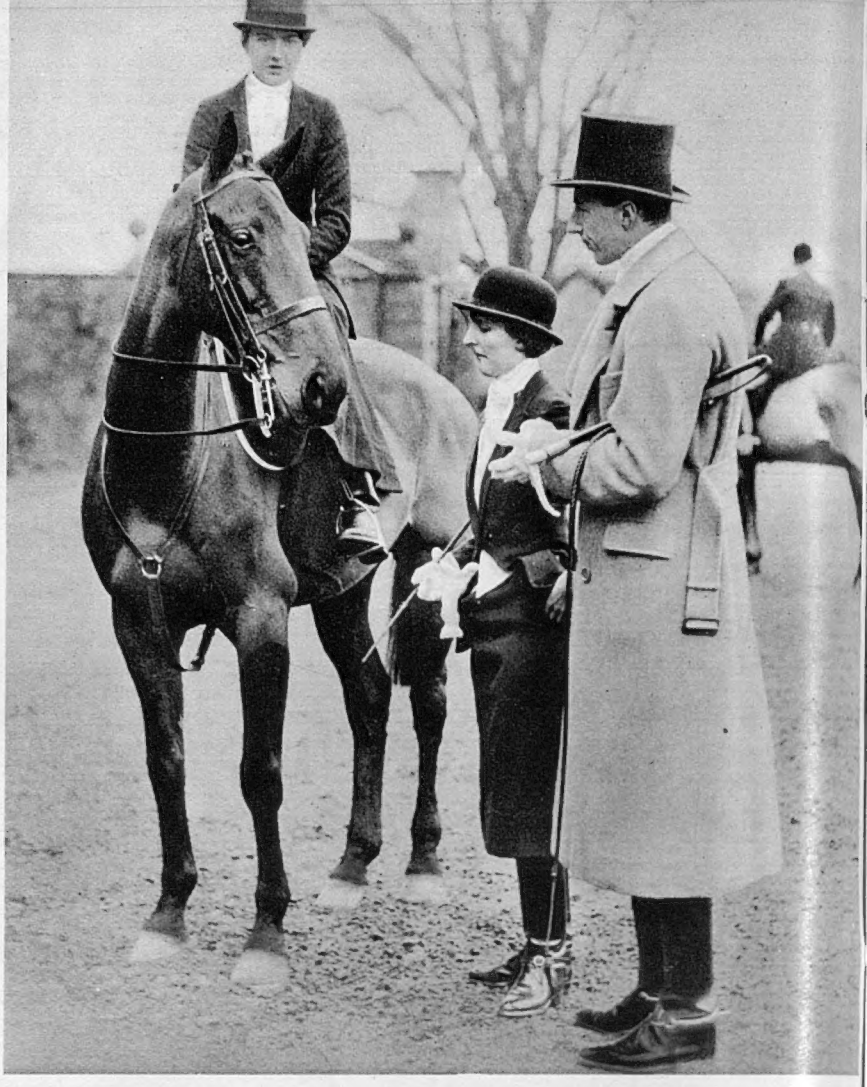
THE LADY VERONICA HORNBY

If all the out-and-about young-marrieds of London had to sit down and choose one of themselves as their representative type, Lady Veronica Hornby might be that one. She has been married four years, since she was twenty-one, has a daughter of three called Mariette, a beautifully decorated and arranged house in Eaton Square, a dress sense that would get her a job in three minutes if she wanted one, and a perfect figure. Her husband is Anthony Hornby, her father-in-law, St. John Hornby, has one of the loveliest houses in Chelsea and is a Trustee of the Wallace Collection, her brother is Lord Dufferin and Ava, and her circle of friends and acquaintances is too wide for calculation

Poole, Waterford

This Was In Ireland

Miss E. Gunther and Lady Waterford were at a meet of the Waterford, of which Lord William Beresford has been joint-Master since his brother, Lord Waterford, died last year. Lady Waterford's two-year-old son is the present peer



This Was In Scotland

Lady Sylvia Maitland is the mounted one, the couple talking to her are Miss Charlotte Younger and her fiancé, Lord Reay, and the meet was a Buccleuch one, at Mertoun, Lord and Lady Ellesmere's place at St. Boswell's

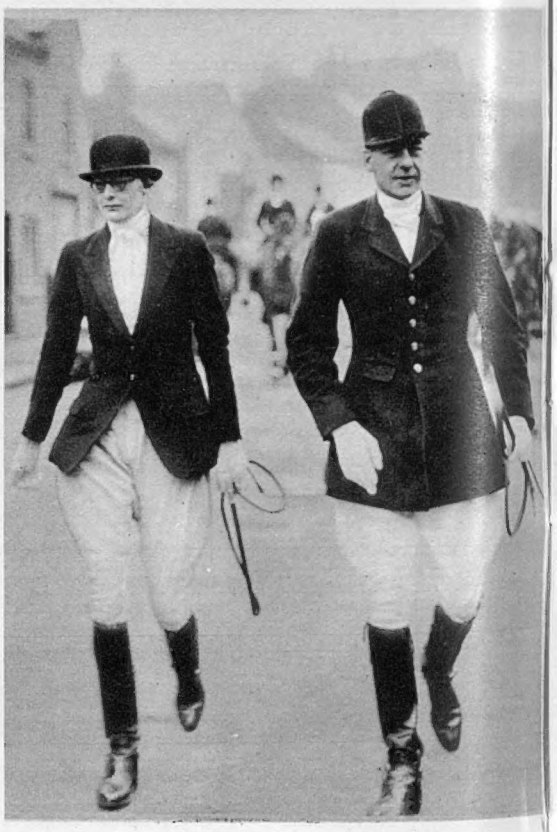
Out Hunting

Meets In England, Scotland and Ireland

An Idea of Biscuits

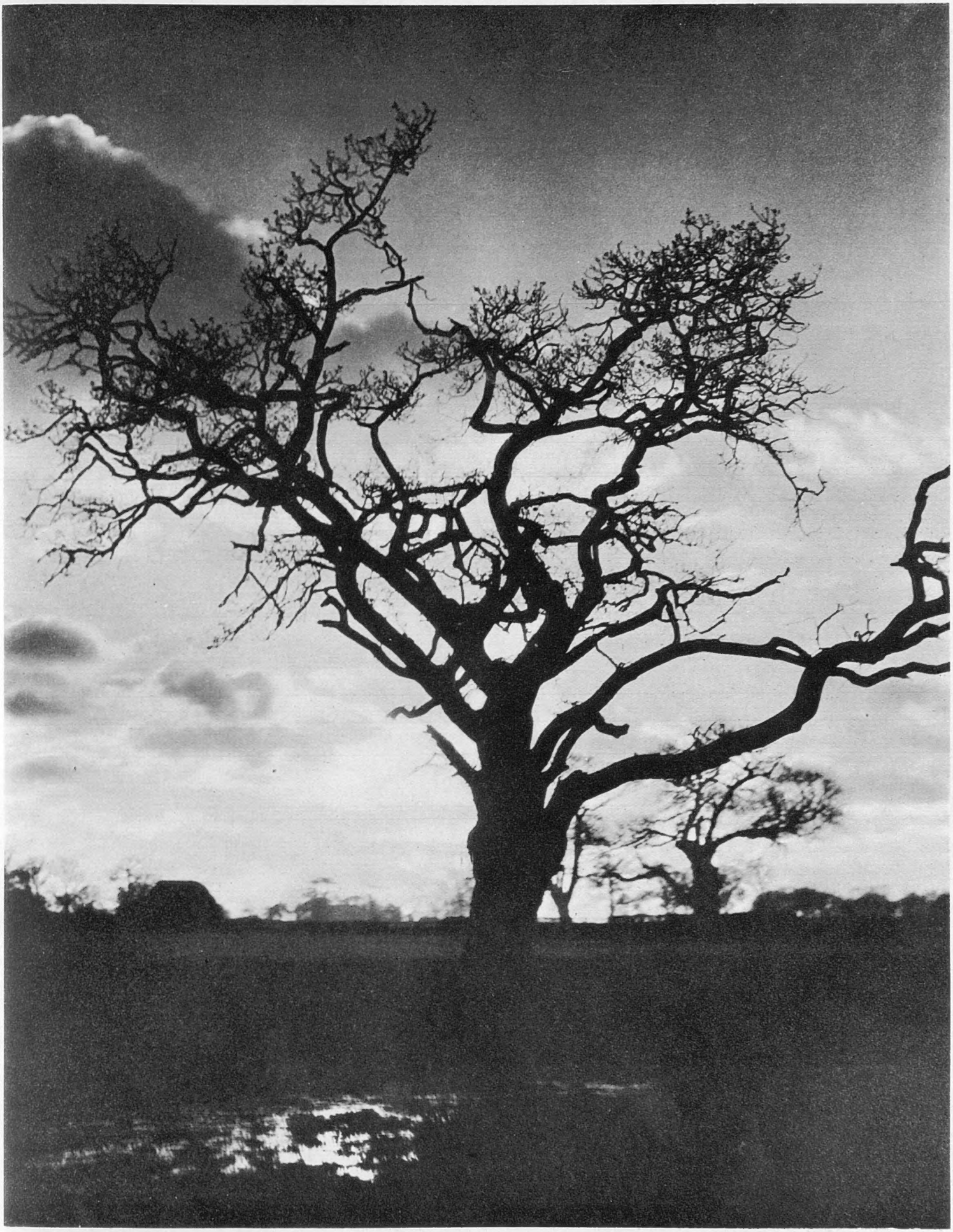
Lady Kesteven and her two biscuit-conscious friends were at the Cottesmore meet at Ashwell, near Oakham. She walks a couple of puppies every year, so her ex-charges know what to expect of her

Left: fourteen-year-old Lady Bridget Elliot hunted with the Buccleuch after the meet at Minto House; it was her mother, Lady Minto, who did that bit of stock-straightening



Quorn Visitors

Major and the Hon. Mrs. Cayzer were out with the Quorn when they met at Frisby-on-the-Wreake. He is joint-Master of the Earl of Harrington's, and she is Lord and Lady Monsell's eldest daughter



Winter Silhouette

A Camera Study by Norman Parkinson

Lord Rothermere

Picture of a newspaper magnate visiting the West End around lunch time

• GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

THE business of going to press earlier than ever, and that one sentence on everyone's lips, "I'll see you *after* Christmas," is so putting off, we don't know where to begin, or what we are at.

As a matter of fact, people will be just as restless after Christmas, Switzerland making its usual appeal, and all sorts of well-knowns popping over to New York at a somewhat unusual time of year. Lady Tredegar, Lord Donegall, Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, Mr. Eric Hatry are, we hear, among those sailing in the Washington on New Year's Eve.

A Lovely Deb

ONE of the prettiest eighteen-year-olds we have met is Miss Eileen Butler, a niece of Lord Plunket and a cousin of Lady Veronica Hornby. She was at the Ritz the other night with the Hornbys, Cunningham Reids, and Mr. Milbanke. Mrs. Cunningham Reid, who was wearing a chinchilla cape and a lovely diamond necklace, is entertaining a Christmas party at Six-Mile Bottom, and proceeding to Switzerland with her husband and children in January.

Somewhere that same evening we saw Lady Claud Hamilton. She is one of the loveliest women in London, with soft, prematurely grey hair and an enchanting smile. She was Mrs. Gillie Newall before she married the Duke of Abercorn's brother.

Outsize Parties

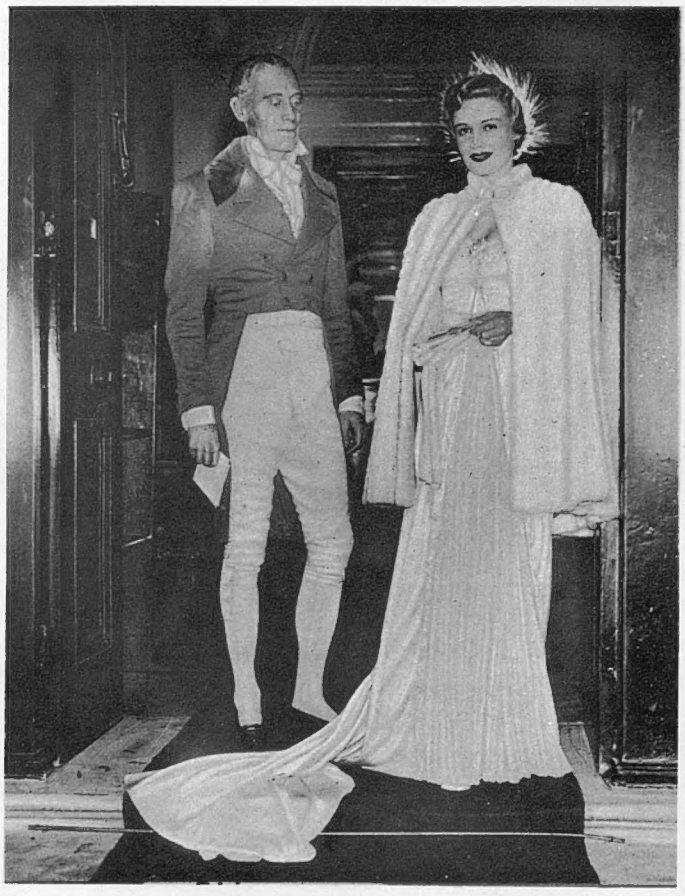
"PRINCE" and Princess Pearl were seen dancing devotedly together at the Continental. She is very much in earnest over her film career, we hear, and certainly has all the good looks of a potential star.

At the Ritz that night there were two extra-big parties. One, quite outsize, containing Mrs. Rosemary Horlick and her father and mother, must have been a celebration of some kind, we felt.

In the other were Lord and Lady Stanley, Lady Alington, and Lord Charles Montague, and a crowd of others.

The Wrong Word

THE two new bottle-parties that opened recently may be marvellous, and all that, but they are certainly doing no harm to the Florida or the Four Hundred.



Captain and Mrs. Philip Astley

Were at the Vienna Congress Ball last week, Madeleine Carroll looking lovelier than ever in her white dress and ermine cape. The Ball was held at the Austrian Legation, in aid of Austrian and British charities, and was probably the best party of the whole Little Season

Vienna, 1814—London, 1935: the Masked and Costumed

" Harm " is the wrong word ; they might be doing good by rescuing the disappointed hordes who nightly try to battle their way into the latter. " House Full " boards could decorate the façade of the smartest Leicester Square boîte night after night. Hungry as well as disgruntled the other evening, we made straight for the nearest Corner House, and had a grand breakfast for 1s. 3d. In fact, a party of six ate and drank (coffee !) for the price of one entrance-fee to a bottle-party.

Surrey Week-end

CARVERS, the Quintin Gilbeys' house at Haslemere, is just the sort of house that every young couple dream of. It 's a shame that more were not built in 1066 or whenever it was.

Lady Warrender, the Northesks, Rupert Byasses, and the Ward twins were there last week-end. Shooting and golf occupied the men, but gallant intentions of racing at Hurst Park fizzled out because of the intense cold.

Concerning Christmas Plans

CHRISTMAS plans were discussed, and we learnt that the Gilbeys are spending Christmas at Madresfield with the Lygons ; that Lady Warrender and her family are going to Blenheim ; that the Ward twins are joining Lord Dudley at Himley. We did not know until the other day that the twins are both in the regular Air Force, and are at present doing a two years' session attached to the Navy. They are stationed at Gosport, where " Eddie " instructs and " Geordie " does three cruises a year in H.M.S. Furious. Inseparable as ever, they are also better-looking than ever, and more impossible to tell apart. Thank Heaven the last time we met them they were wearing different overcoats ; so we thought we might know which was which !

An Economy Trip

WHEN Lady Charles Cavendish left for New York the other day she was wearing a rug-wrap of check tweed that she said she hoped to use over her shoulders one minute, over her knees the next, and to tuck her in her bunk if a December Atlantic proved too unkind.

A happy event in her brother Fred's family is one excuse for this American trip that she, her husband, and her mother have embarked on. We may be misinformed, but we hear that they intend to stay at the Pierre Hotel while in New York, a hostelry well known to English visitors that has housed no less a baronet than Sir Robert Throckmorton of recent months.

Rumour has it that Sir Robert is economising by a trip to Palm Beach instead of buying a fur coat, which seems to be necessary as a defence from pneumonia at this time of year in New York City.

An Off-Night for Regulars

WE would not miss one of Mr. Charlot's first nights for the world, and his pantomime, *The Sleeping Beauty, or What a Witch !* was well worth spending a Saturday night in London.

Being Saturday night, many of the regular first-nighters did not show up, but Mr. Selfridge and his eldest daughter were in their usual front-row seats, Mlle. Rogez, blonde film star and actress, in a magnificent mink coat, and Miss Tilly Marks were also there.

That very astute " publicity and Press " man, the Hon. Anthony Vivian, was receiving congratulations on the arrival of his son and heir ; Miss Connie Dawes, Mr. Ian Fenwick, and Mr. Henry Le Roy Lewis were others we noticed in the audience.

They Were Twenty-Six

A LARGE house-party at Leeds Castle last week-end included the Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven, Viscount Castlerosse, Lady Warwick, Lady Victor Paget, the Euan Wallaces, Miss Kay Norton, Miss Mona Maris, Mr. Brendan Bracken, and Lord Queensberry, who came over from a neighbouring house for a game of poker. Altogether there were twenty-six people to sit down to meals, which is a lot, even for a big country house.

Lady Baillie had not been very well for a week or so, but had recovered enough to cope with the week-end invasion, and to be, as usual, one of the world's best hostesses.

What Colour is a Cocktail?

WE never knew that green peas go white when canned and have to be coloured green again because that super-suspicious thing, your eye, simply won't accept the thought of a white green pea.

Swaebe

Ball at the Austrian Legation

Swaebe

Baron Franckenstein—Prince Metternich

Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister, host of the Vienna Congress Ball, represented the great Metternich, the whole party being a reproduction of the Ball given by that gentleman to celebrate the signing of the Treaty in Paris in 1814. The identity of the two guests on the stairs with their host must be left behind their masks

In the same way, will it or won't it accept the idea of a cocktail that isn't natural in colour? And has a cocktail a natural colour, anyway?

Mrs. Sidney Rogerson had four of Quaglino's new coloured cocktails on tap at her party in the Grill Parisien the other day—a bright yellow one, a pink one called "Azalea," "Ultramarine," and "Green Devil." The women rushed for them, but the men were very shy, which all goes for to show what trusting experimenters women are. Lord Melchett, after much persuasion by Gilbert Frankau, tried one, and liked it.

Lady Playfair, Sir Nigel's widow, was at the party; the Victor Malcolms, Captain B. H. Liddell-Hart, "Rugger"-player Ian Smith, cricketer Beverley Lyon, and Mrs. A. P. Herbert were some of the other people whom we saw in the crowd.

First-Hand Ghost

WE know some magnificent ghost-stories for this Yuletide, but only one first-hand tale. That one was told us years ago by Lady George Cholmondeley.

Lady George's favourite playmate was an old gentleman who used to build bricks or play dolls with her over a considerable period.

One day he disappeared, and "Ti" cried a lot, the more so as the old gentleman's absence prolonged itself.

But when she became "of an age," her parents told her that they had been very worried. They thought, at first, that she was mad. Then they saw that not only her bricks but the contributory bricks were moving—of their own accord. Then they checked up from the child's description and found that their daughter's playmate was the ghost of the house, and decided, after much deliberation, that as the old gentleman seemed to be quite harmless, it was better to say nothing.

If that is not materialisation we do not know what is.

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON *(continued)*

"Grossly Exaggerated"

LET us look at the "psychics" of Mayfair. There is, of course, Mr. Dennis Bradley, who communes regularly with his father, and stated at his father's inquest that he had been talking to him since his death. Sir Walter Gibbons, as was well known, used to talk to his first wife at certain hours, no matter what engagement he was fulfilling.

Helen Lady Adare is definitely psychic. The other night she rang up the representative of a newspaper and left a message that she had died.

Doubtless, had the newspaper printed the sad news, she would have asked them to put in a Mark Twain denial stating that the report was "grossly exaggerated."

Lord and Lady Dunleath

The Men of Sting

WHEN we were very young (and, incidentally, ever since) we were warned of a London club that specialised in bad young men. Not young hooligans in Soho, or a smash-and-grab training club, but a handful of cads and bounders who happen to belong to a dignified institution a few yards from Piccadilly.

We were taught never to risk being driven home by one of these men of sting, and that a blow on the head with a telephone-receiver was nothing to what we might expect if we contradicted one of them.

"Jolly Good Show!"

THEIR reputed attitude of concentrated caddishness towards women terrified us even more, and any act of outstanding caddishness was supposed to be greeted with admiring roars of "Jolly good show!"

Being blessed with an inquisitive nature and having some spare time on our hands lately, we were intrigued when three or four of these ruffians were thrown in our path. In very great trepidation and fear we decided to risk our lives in the attempt and find out the true horror of it all. Do you want to know the answer? It's a dull one.

Charming After All

THREE or four of these cads and bounders have proved kind, considerate and amusing to a woman they could have easily bamboozled in a big way. She declares that "these charming people" best describes them, and that having known "cads and bounders" almost all her life, she fails to recognise any connection whatever between them and the worst and wildest members of this much-discussed club. A disappointing story, but one that proves you get as good as you give in this world.

MISS PEEPS

Janet Jevons

Mrs. Beryl Mills

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's host and hostess were photographed at Ballywalter Park, their place in Co. Down, where the Duke and Duchess spent part of their honeymoon. Lady Dunleath is the daughter of the Primate of All Ireland; she and Lord Dunleath were married in 1932, and have one son

Two Mayfair Stage and Screen Recruits

Left: Mrs. Beryl Mills (she was Beryl Tracey before she married and divorced Lady Chesham's brother) was thinking of going to Hollywood, but got snapped up just in time by an English company. She is working down at Teddington, having got a part in Ralph Ince's film "Bill and Son"

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's second daughter has joined the glamorous ranks of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, and is in his new revue, "Follow the Sun," which opened at Manchester on Monday and comes to London in a few weeks

Bassano

Miss Sarah Churchill

Cocktail - Party for a Journey and a Daughter

Mr. Hamar Bagnall is between Mrs. Sally Monkland (she was Sally Sanford, of New York), and Miss Baba Redhead, who is a sister of Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, and has come back from Kitzbühl, where she has spent most of the last year or two

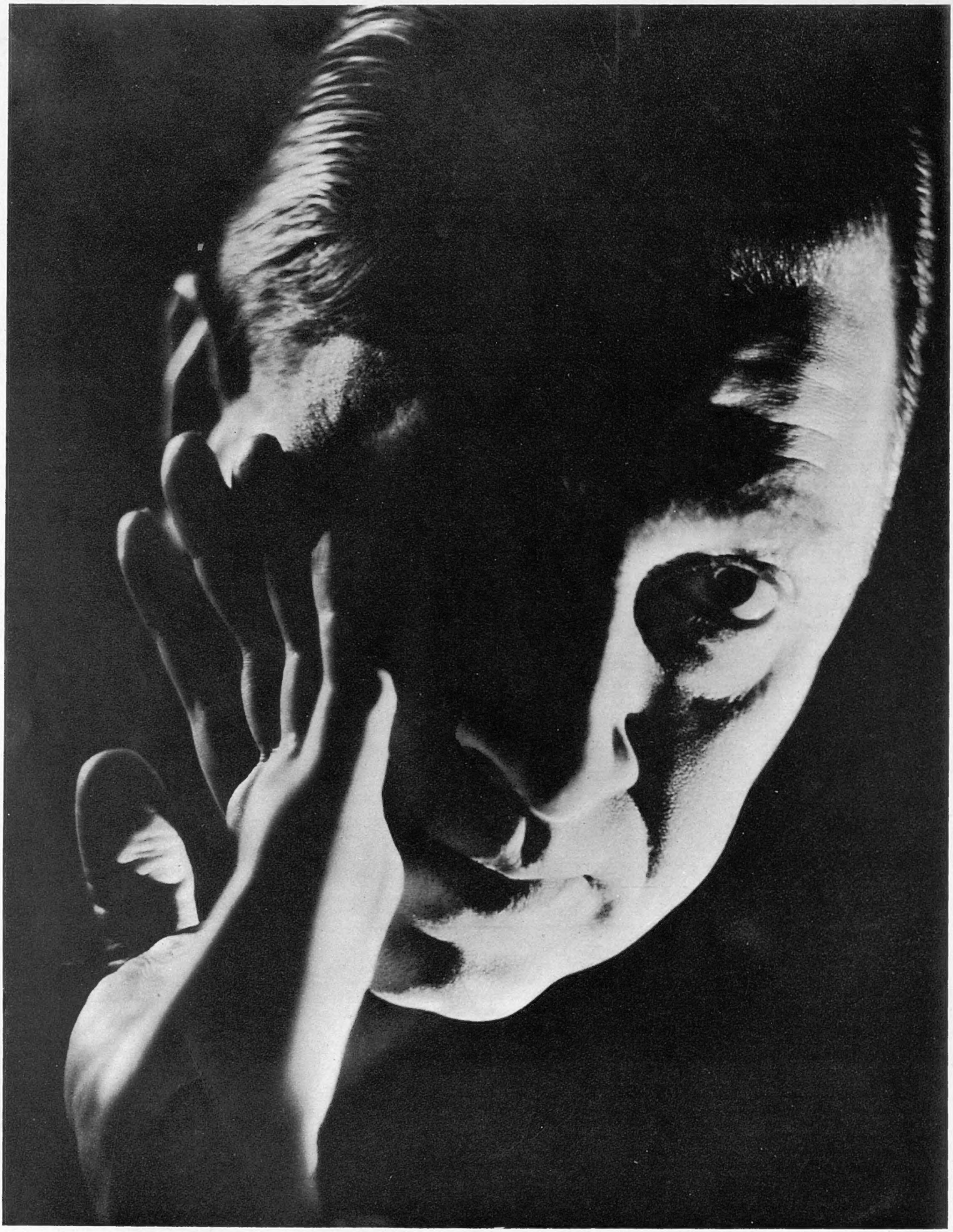
Mrs. Harriet Harriman, Miss Helen Gillilan, Mrs. Geoffrey Moule and her husband make up this group. Mrs. Moule, before her marriage a month or two back, was Mrs. Dolly Neave. They were all at the party Mrs. Richard Johnson gave before she sailed for Canada

Left: the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Aitken are Lord Beaverbrook's younger son and daughter-in-law. She was Janet Macneill, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and is known as "Little Janet," to distinguish her from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Drogo Montagu

Mr. Alec Roberts had his wife on one side and Miss Evva Lewis on the other. Mrs. Roberts was Betty Backus, of Toronto; she and her husband live in a lovely five-hundred-year-old house at Wadhurst, called River Hall, and hunt with the Eridge

Above: Lord Duncannon is talking to Miss Joan Johnson, the hostess's daughter, who is coming out next year and for whom her mother partly gave the party

Left: Mme. Riotteau, General Trotter, the Prince of Wales's Equerry, and the hostess herself. Mrs. Johnson is Canadian, from Montreal, and that's where she has gone for Christmas



Norman Parkinson

Osbert Sitwell—

Ballet Author

Osbert Sitwell's latest work is a ballet for C. B. Cochran's new revue, "Follow the Sun." It's called "Shooting Party," and somehow or other one doesn't fancy the guns and their ladies will have got much mercy from the quartet that Mr. Cochran collected to deal with them. Osbert Sitwell is the author, William Walton has written the music, Frederick Ashton is choregrapher, and Cecil Beaton has done the décor and dresses. There might conceivably be a mild wind of satire blowing about the coverts with these four running the shoot. Osbert Sitwell, most scornful and head-in-air of men, acted Father Christmas this year to the extent of providing two obvious presents for everyone's lists: one his brilliant and witty history of Brighton, published early in the year, and the other, "Penny Foolish," a collection of his articles and short essays

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 134

W. W. Wakefield

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

WILLIAM WAVELL WAKEFIELD has only one superstition—that thirteen is his lucky number. Even his cloak-room peg in the House of Commons is 613. He captained England thirteen times. His Christian names contain thirteen letters. His railway ticket number when he went home to discuss leaving the Royal Air Force was 013, and thus helped to decide his future career. And he is now director of about thirteen different companies.

Educated at Sedbergh, where he automatically captained the XV. (I nearly said the XIII), he went into the R.N.A.S. with a permanent commission. In 1921 he went up to Cambridge on an engineering course, got his Blue and then, soon after going down, went into Commerce. Meantime, he had captained the R.A.F. at "Rugger," had been the R.A.F. champion quarter-miler, and had been the R.A.F. runner-up in the Heavy-weight Championships. As a "Rugger" player he was notable for his enormous stamina, remarkable speed, and magnificent leadership.

TO-DAY he is one of the finest referees in the country, but has never yet got down to golf. He likes swimming and country-house cricket. He never smokes and seldom drinks, and still more rarely loses his temper. "Wakers" has a quick, nervous smile, a habit of leaning forward suddenly when he speaks, and a curious way of referring to himself consecutively as "We" "I" and "One." Shyness, I suppose.

Born in Beckenham, he is nevertheless of Westmorland stock, his father having been a North Country banker turned doctor. In the course of his career he has found that his "Rugger" reputation has been invaluable for making first contacts, but more of a hindrance and a handicap afterwards in business. Fortunately, he has a good memory for faces, but is not always able to remember everyone who has come round after an International match at Twickenham and talked to him while his vision was still obscured by the soapsuds. His political career is of recent origin. He unsuccessfully contested Swindon in the by-election last year, but succeeded in putting Dr. Addison out at the General Election—so meritorious a performance that he was given the honour of moving the Address at the Opening of Parliament in the House of Commons. This he did in Royal Air Force uniform and thereby created a precedent. In his opinion Maurice Brownlie, the All Black of the 1924-1925 season, was the best forward he ever met on the "Rugger" field, while the finest half-back combination in his recollection was Kershaw and Davies. None of his three brothers was a star athlete, although each of them played for his school XV. But his uncle, A. W., acquired a half-blue or so, and was one of the greatest rock-climbers in the world. Yet another uncle made the first successful take-off and landing in a hydroplane—that was on Lake Windermere in 1910, and first aroused "Wakers'" own interest in flying.

With a wife and a family of three girls, "Wakers" seldom goes abroad. He lives in St. James's Terrace, works like blazes, visits the English seaside, and still manages to strip at 13 stone 7 lb., one of the very few "Rugger" internationals who have ever proceeded to develop into first-class business men and also M.Ps.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

When Parents Creep

"Our Own Lives"
(Ambassadors Theatre)

IF Rosemary Everard had been content to lead her own life without trying to lead her parents by the nose at the same time, her long-suffering elders would have been spared a deal of unhappiness. But Rosemary was a girl who must have taken an overdose of *The Christmas Carol*, for she obviously had a bad attack of Tiny Tim-itis and dashed about trying to bring sweetness and light to the family scene.

Actually, there was nothing unsettling about the Everard family life, for the simple reason that there *was* none. When Camilla and Dennis realised that the only thing they had in common was their daughter, they agreed to differ amicably, and the former ran a charming little hotel in Venice, while her husband contentedly Bloomsburied himself among his first editions. This arrangement had been working with complete success for ten years when their daughter, who spent six months of each year with one parent and six with the other, suddenly does her "God-bless-us-all" act and tries to effect an entirely unnecessary reconciliation.

Although both her parents have given proof of their inherent common sense in family affairs, they meekly allow themselves to be brought together again, and Dennis forsakes his book-lined nest near the British Museum to join Camilla in Venice. The latter has fallen in love with one of those quiet, gentle, lovable fellows who have haunted our books and plays since "dear kind Dobbin" first maundered through *Vanity Fair*, but promptly gives him a miss in baulk, just to oblige sweet Rosemary.

Frankly, I refuse to believe that any such things would happen even in these days, when so many parents are only just tolerated by their critical brood, and it is with relief that we see Camilla and Dennis end in statu quo ante. This is due to their daughter suddenly realising that the young man she had so comfortably hooked is wriggling off the line to go gadding round with an attractive Cockney who is staying in the hotel. Rosemary's personal worries successfully swamp her altruism, and the "Momma kiss Poppa" theme fades away swiftly and completely.

IRENE VANBRUGH, as Camilla, gives so charming and polished a performance that she invests the play with a glamour and importance beyond its real merits; Baliol Holloway is appropriately vague and helpless as the bookworm husband, and Rosalyn Boulter, as the daughter, succeeds in the difficult task of not making the girl out the sort of interfering prig one finds on the committees of societies for the suppression of this and that.

Lady Tree as an aristocratic hotel bore; Laura Cowie as a hopeless vulgarian from Balham—although Bermondsey would have done just as well—and Tristan Rawson as the faithful friend give striking examples of how well a clever player can serve a dramatist.

To sum up, *Our Own Lives* is by no means the most amusing of Gertrude Jennings' plays, but the acting of the company in general and Irene Vanbrugh in particular may easily make you believe it is.

Owen Lang (Tristan Rawson) tires of platonic friendship after trying it for a mere decad

Camilla (Irene Vanbrugh) keeps the books of her hotel—her husband just keeps books

Sketches by Rouson

Dennis Everard (Baliol Holloway) and Henry Lambeth (Stanley Lathbury) enjoying a fine old tome

Schall, Paris

Under Hitler . . .

Three Nazi Leaders

No. 2. Joachim von Ribbentrop

THIS man with the clever, humorous face is Germany's Anthony Eden — commissioner for disarmament questions and ambassador-at-large. He got his appointment this year, and very soon was responsible, as head of his country's delegation, for the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of June. Later in the summer news of him was mainly concerned with the giving of a series of Central European hunting-parties, around which hung a puzzling aura of international politics. Von Ribbentrop was born in 1893, spent some time in England and France studying languages, was in Canada when war broke out and narrowly escaped being interned there. He was in the Army from 1914 to 1918, and then went into business, again with many English and French connections. Since 1930 he has worked actively for National-Socialism, and in 1933 it was in his house that the momentous meetings were held and the decisions taken that preceded Hitler's arrival at the German Chancellorship

Lilian Harvey and Carl Esmond in "Invitation to the Waltz"

Left: Lilian Harvey indulges in a little romance with Carl Esmond during a scene from "Invitation to the Waltz," the first talkie she has made in this country. The film had a novel première when it was shown at Grosvenor House during the ball held there last week in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Below:
Kay Francis in "The Goose and the Gander"

Heroines of This and That

Three Film Lovelies You've Seen Lately

Margaret Sullavan in "So Red the Rose"

Left: Margaret Sullavan has a part which suits her down to the ground in her latest picture, "So Red the Rose," at the Plaza. Randolph Scott is the dashing hero of the film, which centres round the American Civil War

Right: Kay Francis as Georgianna in "The Goose and the Gander," at the Regal, has plenty to do breaking up her friend's elopement and incidentally getting reconciled to her former husband. Genevieve Tobin and Ralph Forbes play the friend and the "ex"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

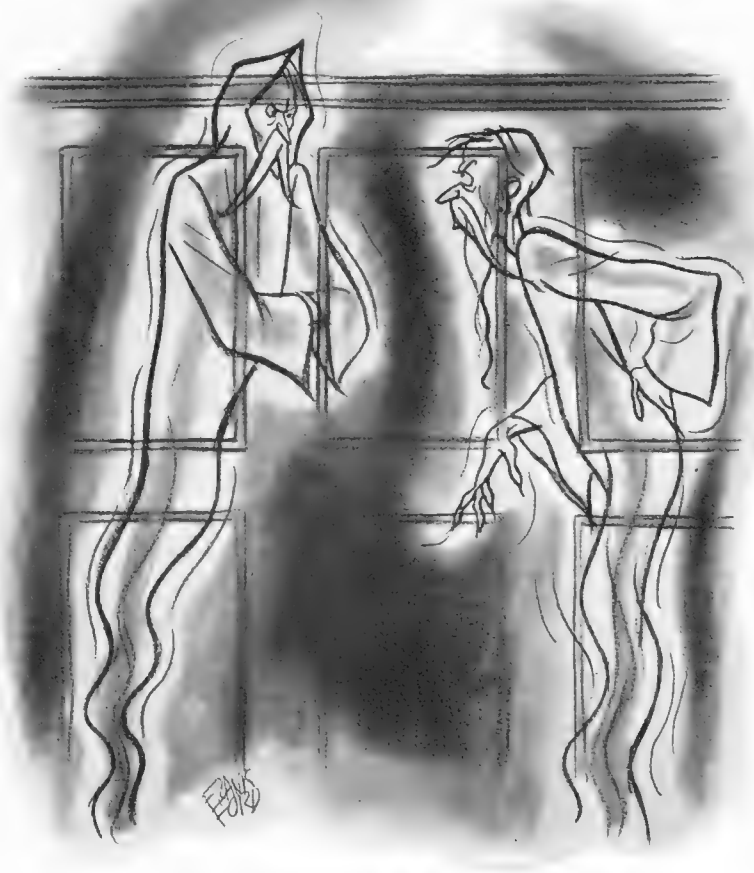
SIGNOR STARACE, Secretary of the Fascisti, has officially banned the Christmas-tree in Italy as being "a custom of purely foreign origin": which is perfectly accurate. The Christmas-tree is German. It was introduced into England last century by Albert the Good, consort of Victoria, it has no religious symbolism whatsoever, and it isn't really necessary at Christmas at all. The Soviet authorities who banned it a few years ago as a Christian symbol were talking through their furry hats, as they so often do. They were probably confusing it with the Christmas Crib, which was an idea of St. Francis of Assisi. It 's especially hard luck on the Christmas-tree to be banned in Russia when you think of it, because the tune of the old German fir-tree song, "O Tannenbaum," happens to be the tune of "The Red Flag," and a pretty dismal one at that. (Long before "The Red Flag" this tune was also—till the joke became a bit of a bore and they changed it—the tune of the school song of Stonyhurst, which shows what various uses can be made of the same tune.) Anyway, the Christmas-tree is harmless and pretty, and to ban it as foreign seems rather unnecessary. On the same grounds, might not Hitler ban Christmas altogether, as being the celebration of an event which took place in a non-Aryan country? We bet this sort of thing makes the angels laugh like billy-ho.

Gosh!

WE nearly forgot to wish you a Merry Christmas, reminding you at the same time that (1) this Feast was abolished in England by Act of Parliament in 1652, those who observed it being branded as "Masse-mongers and Papistes"; and (2) as late as the Victorian era an earnest M.P. named Massey-Massey moved that its superstitious name be changed to "Christ-tide," on which an Irish Member immediately moved that Mr. Massey-Massey set a good example by changing his own superstitious name to Mr. Tidey-Tidey. (Loud laughter, motion dropped.)

Yoo-Hoo, Pacifists!

THE cleverest toy London kerbside hawkers are offering this Christmas seems to us to be the tiny tank which spits fire: a most amusing toy, cleverer even than the little saloon cars which can't run over the edge of a table. Those dear souls who think toy soldiers and suchlike are bad for children, turning them infallibly into infant Bashibazouks thirsty for human gore, aren't being catered for very much as yet, are they? Yet it 's been suggested again and again, by ourselves and other advanced thinkers, that to instil the right ideals into the Modern Child his Christmas toys ought to include brightly-painted little sets of leaden financiers and business men, spatted and top-hatted, carrying little prospectuses and company reports. Ourselves, we 'd add to these a tiny model of the Hotel Magnifique at Monte Carlo and another tiny model of Dartmoor, complete with warders. There 'd be printed instructions with the set explaining that the Law occasionally (and much against its will) takes the little financier from the one and shoves him in the other. Another useful cultural toy would be a little board-room, with a tiny chairman and directors cooking an infinitesimal balance-sheet. In brightly-painted pasteboard, with leaden figures, this would be a treat for any nice child. No blood-lust here, friends. Nothing but idealism. Financiers before soldiers—that 's our motto (and it generally works that way with a war, anyway, don't you think?) If we ever get an enterprising firm to launch these toys, we ought to get some sweet advance publicity from Beverley Nichols and his little pacifist friends, saying how glad the flowers are about it. We 've got an idea for a Vegetarian Set, too—odd, hairy little leaden men and bleak little leaden women with pure, smug faces sharing miniature swedes with little cows in a field, and a very awful little meat-eating swab, red-faced and utterly bestial, cowering under a hedge with a tiny ham-sandwich in his hand. New Thought Toys, Ltd., will probably be the name of the firm.



"You ought to have it X-rayed, Hugo"

Big Girl

DR. MAUDE ROYDEN doesn't seem very pleased with the Archbishop of Canterbury's recent commission which turned down, for the moment, the idea of ordaining women parsons. The topic isn't actually

"Oh, Kitty wins—my shoes are too tight"

up our street to any extent, except that it reminds us of something which delighted Arnold Bennett. In an American paper he came across a rousing attack on something or other—possibly something with a sex motif—by a woman preacher who seemed to Bennett to have the right, the perfect, the exquisite, the only possible name—the Reverend Mabel McCoy. Is it possible to invent anything better than that? You find such marvels quite often in America, where so many odd sects have such curious customs. When they have female bishops, as sometimes happens, their titles often strike pleasingly on the contemplative mind—Bishop Emmeline Gollop, Bishop Ivy Miffin. We've never met one of these most reverend ladies, but it must be an experience only second to meeting Sister Aimée Semple McPherson, which we just missed doing once, to our undying regret. That girl is still irrepressible. Her newest box-office stunt, we observe, is employing an evangelist aged five, accompanied by his nurse, to denounce tobacco, alcohol, and dancing from the pulpit of La McPherson's big Los Angeles temple, which is packing 'em in. Well did that ripe old philosopher R. Benchley pensively observe, after La McPherson's celebrated pastoral visit to Texas Guinan's New York night-club: "Tex's religion is whoopee; Aimée's whoopee is religion." We've only one complaint about this bright and rousing personality: her name ought by rights to be Bishop Mabel McCoy.

Cry for a Big Swede

WHENEVER we hear of a new poet appearing with an introduction by T. S. Eliot or Humbert Wolfe we always try to get hold of a copy, because it's practically always so advanced and portentous that the poet can't stoop to capital letters or punctuation. Or else the lines are cut into odd lengths, or else there aren't any verbs or pronouns. Whatever it is, it's generally fun. There's a new poet (female) out recently, sponsored by Mr. Eliot and scorning capitals. Judging by the reviews, her work doesn't seem as hot as *Finale of Seem*, by Walter Lowenfels, sponsored by Mr. Wolfe, which we have treasured carefully ever since 1929. Ever read it? Listen:

(*a*) thank thee, o Euclid, for prisms,
pyramided into the apotheosis
of groceries,
let us be devout to prunes.

(*b*) he has dandruff; O America!
nothing rolls like hair-free limbs
spiked to wampas baby stars.
. . . *zip!*
step on it, mother.

"Mr. Lowenfels is not muscle-bound by thought," remarks Humbert Wolfe rather flatteringly in the introduction. (Exactly what Dr. Johnson said rather nastily of a poet in 1735: "His works are not loaded with thought.") Well, why can't somebody give the boys and girls a Swedish massage, instead of standing round like that doing nothing?

Antic, Hey?

APROPOS of country revelling, and of the rural scene generally, we observe that the Bucks County Farmers' Ball takes place at Aylesbury next month, and if there's any greater deception than a function of this kind we'd like to know it. You think you're going to get burly agriculturists in leggings and cutaways jogging and bumping through country dances with apple-cheeked wives and buxom daughters in homely silks, black or purple, from the lavender - spread bottom drawer, amid reverent bobs and curtseys to the condescending Quality, amid "du'ee's" and "bain't Oi's," cans of cider, huge rounds of cold beef, puffings and blowings, and all the rest of the *Greenwood Tree* stuff. What you actually get is an assembly very much like that at any smart hotel, similarly gowned and dress-clothed, singularly urban and non-Arcadian in figure and complexion, gliding over the same sort of floor with the same cool poise and aplomb to the same kind of dances played by the same kind of band. We—— What? Oh, you'd guessed all this before we told you? Really? It doesn't surprise you? What? *Nothing* does? Oh, really? *Really?* Cosmopolitan and all that, are you? Pretty sophisticated, hey? Oh, yes? Snubbing us rather heavily, aren't you? What? Making us feel rather suburban, what? Middle-class, eh? *Archer!*

Fun-With-the-Dons Dept.

NOTHING more pleasant has happened in the academic world for some time than the recent incident of the Indian professor. Disguised in a false moustache, he took a favourite pupil's place in an examination at Calcutta. The moustache fell off at the wrong moment and the authorities nabbed him. This reminded our leading Press satirist (whose name you know) next day that he knew a man at Oxford whose place was taken similarly by a dear little actress. No doubt it frequently happens. The only authentic case we know of personally is that of an uncle of ours who got Gaby Deslys to impersonate him in the exam. for the Indian Civil. The charming girl had a fixed idea, Heaven knows why, that everyone who sat for the Indian Civil was fairly middle-aged. She therefore appeared at the examination made up as a very, very aged man, heavily wrinkled and lined, with bushy white eyebrows, hobbling on a stick and looking at least 125 years old. Even then she'd have got away with it if she hadn't lost her temper during the viva-voce. To the examiner, who asked her something about the Platonic Idea of constitutional democracy, she replied in a strong

Marseilles accent: "Je m'en fiche, coco." He said "Eh?" She said rapidly, "Je m'en fiche, je m'en refiche, et je m'en contrefiche." At the same time she dug him in the ribs, tore off her white wig, kicked the monocle out of his eye, and danced out of the room. Naturally there was a fuss, and the Civil Service Commissioners were appeased only by the personal intervention of Sir James Barrie, who was writing a revue for Gaby at the time and assured them that she was Mother Wendy's own ickle dirl and her name was Mrs. Dickery Dock. "Ah!" they said, embarrassed but relieved. "Fairies, eh?" They passed our uncle at once and he is now a high official in the Service, and pretty odious, at that.

The Carstairs Touch

It's tough, being funny. Life is always creeping up. One of J. B. ("Beachcomber") Morton's most endearing characters is Great White Carstairs, the 100 per cent. sahib who always dresses for dinner in the Bush. The other day we noticed that Colonel R. V K. Applin, ex-M.P., who is retiring to live in the uttermost wilds, 5000 feet up in the Drakensberg Mountains on the Basutoland border, is including in his baggage two top-hats and his Ascot clothes, "in case I feel tempted to make the 200-mile journey to Durban for a little social life." Almost, but not quite the Carstairs touch, you see, since the Colonel won't be wearing his Ascot kit actually in the mountains. If he really did so he'd be 100 per cent. more pukka even than Carstairs, because Ascot kit is (*a*) more exclusive; and (*b*) more dressy. A sahib in the Bush who goes to the dogs—say through drink—yet still keeps decent at heart can compromise with his immortal soul and the old Flag by painting a black tie round his neck and blackening portions of his chest to simulate a dinner jacket. You can't fake an Ascot rig, apart from painting white spats on your feet. It's not a uniform to fool about with, and we shall never forget our feelings some years ago when we saw an American vaudeville comedian come on the stage in correct Ascot kit and begin eating it. He ate his coat-tails first and finished with his spats. It seemed to us, as we sat there gripping our seat, that the foundations of Empire were shaking, that everything which Had Made Us What We Are was in peril, and that some unknown doom overhung our entire civilisation. A week later war was declared.

This Week's Human Story

A Big Noise from Hollywood, now in London and pretty dressy, has already bought up most of the ties in a fashionable haberdasher's stock which seem to go best with his seventy-eight separate expensive gent's suitings, changed four times daily. The other day a tactful English friend said to him, more in harrow than in anger: "It doesn't matter so much, old boy, your having been at Uppingham, Marlborough, Dartmouth, Eton, Sedbergh, Harrow, Downside, Winchester, Rugby, Stonyhurst, Repton, Clifton and a few more places, but really, old boy, when you belong to the Guards in the morning and the Navy in the afternoon—well, dash it, I mean to say, people begin to raise the frigid eyebrow, see what I mean, old boy?"

Effect of above brief harangue, oration, address, prolation, lecture, allocution, invocation, appeal, or discourse: nil.

The Bystanders.

THE PRESS-GANG

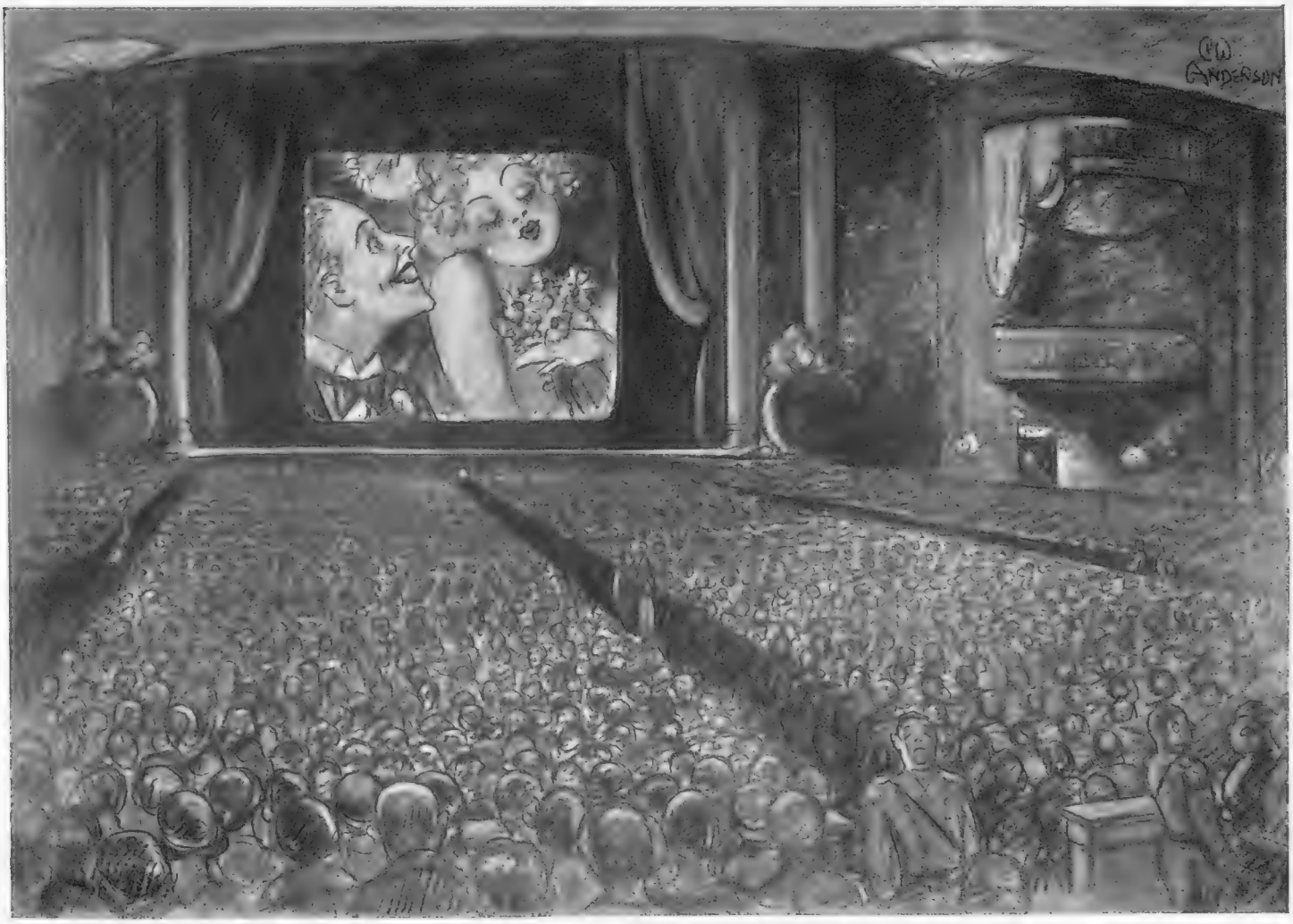
No. 7.—"The Picturegoer"

The film-fans have a fearsome thirst
For tales about the Screen's élite;
In fact, they very nearly burst
To know what sort of meals they eat
And how their latest bathing-pool
Is coloured, and just what it cost,
And what they drink to keep them cool,
And why some love-lives prove a frost.

Yes, film-fans in their millions call
For stories which possess the touch
That's spoken of as "personal,"
And do not worry overmuch
About the finer points that mar
Or make a picture's artistry—
What really matters more by far
Are Dietrich's scanties in Reel Three.

The *Picturegoer* does its bit
In giving them the fare they seek,
And writes of men and dames with "It"
Who charm their "fans" from week to week.
It pictures them in care-free moods,
With red-hot gossip it is packed—
And, what's more, often it alludes
To how the precious treasures act!

B. W.



Standing Room Only

Small Fry

And Their Nice Mothers

Lady Jean Mackintosh and Her Son, Charlach Rob

Lady Jean Mackintosh is the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, and presented them with their second grandson this year, their first being her elder son, Christopher, born in 1931. She married Christopher Mackintosh, the ski-ing king and expert on all winter sports matters, in 1927; she is a keen ski-er herself, but has her snow expeditions a bit curtailed now by the demands of her young family, which includes two daughters of six and seven

Mrs. Rupert Hart-Davis and Daughter Bridget

Mrs. Rupert Hart-Davis is the daughter of novelist Mary Borden by her first marriage, and step-daughter of Brig.-Gen. E. L. Spears, M.P. for Carlisle. She married Rupert Hart-Davis, brother of the lovely Mrs. Ronald Balfour, and a nephew of Lady Diana Cooper, and has one daughter, who is called Bridget. Her own very rare Christian name is Comfort. She and her husband have an old Georgian house in Lloyd Square, near King's Cross, the original "Riceyman Square" of Arnold Bennett's novel

Right: Mrs. Michael Fleming was married last year, to the youngest son of the late Major Valentine Fleming, and Mrs. Fleming. She is the elder daughter of the Hon. Algernon and Mrs. Borthwick, and a niece of Lord Whitburgh. Her small son, Valentine Patrick, was born last August. She and her husband, who is a brother of Peter Fleming, live in Montagu Square

Mrs. Michael Fleming and Her Son

Photographs by Bassano and Lenare

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de Valois

and Ballet Mistress of Ballet Company

by Anthony

Own Ballet "Douanes"
Robert Helpmann)

Tight-Rope Walker and Cook's Man
Ninette de Valois and Robert Helpmann in "Douanes"

Midnight Under Big Ben: *A Corner of Parliament Square*

Grill-Room Façade: *The Famous*

"Closing at Sunrise": *Any Coffee Stall*

Night Over L

What Do You K
Who Go to B

PUT your night-capped head out of think what goes on a mile or two tw policeman's watching for a burglar or a drink a loving-cup of coffee served them intelligentsia and their satellites argue t dows, a weary tailor finishes the suit you can't sleep, all these keep you company pillow, they might envy you if they'd tune

Photographs by

ous Windows at the Savoy

Scotland Yard: And a Guardian of the Peace

London . . .

Know of This Bed at Ten?

the window, you early sleeper, and away from your humdrum house. A a drug-trafficker, a boy and his girl m by a cynical coffee-stall man, the and fro behind the Savoy Grill win- ou ordered in such a hurry. If you ny. If your head dents a dreamless ne to remember that such as you exist

y Schall, Paris

Overtime: "Le Quartier des Tailleurs"

Miss Durell Sale-Barker

Durell Sale-Barker, five years ago our fastest skier and still a graceful sprinter, has had several serious admirers who got turned down. She must say "Yes" some day

Lady Isobel Manners

Has the traditional Manners beauty, but gets that dark, foreign-looking colouring from her Tennant Mamma, who is a niece of "Margot's." Could do wonders on the films, we feel, but will probably marry conventionally first

Miss Evva Lewis

Evva Lewis, attractive, sporting Canadian resident here, has many friends and seemingly no inclination to marry. Goes everywhere at the right time, remaining sensitive and unfrivolous

"Always be nice to girls; y

And Who Will

A Selection Of Spinsters

Right: Amber Orr-Wilson seems to have a grand time with her own lovely yacht, her hat-shop interest, and her cruises to sunny climes like Spain—but quien sabe?

Miss Amber Orr-Wilson

Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore

Adores dressing-up for charity and does so to perfection. Rather precious about music, but genuinely ardent at Covent Garden, Salzburg, etc. A pretty girl who might make a rich alliance, like her half-sister, Mrs. E. de Winton Wills

Below: Rosemary Robertson, who decorated the bunch after Rose Bingham and Co., is animated, rather subtle, and bright enough to make the best of her looks. Engagement rumours were circulating six months ago

Miss Rosemary Robertson

Lady Jean Dundas

The youngest of the Zetland trio of unmarried daughters is tall, dark, sporting, with prominent blue eyes. Should insist on sapphires when selecting engagement ring. Nicely shy, takes knowing

Right: Anita Leslie, twenty-three in the New Year, is daughter of Shane Leslie, one of the best living prose-writers and classical scholars. She danced at the Florida as cabaret, but has also got brains. Original

Miss Anita Leslie

Honourables Denise, Lydia and Primrose Yarde-Buller

Denise (after mother, Denise Orme), Lydia and Primrose Yarde-Buller are Lord Churston's lovely sisters, and should be painted together (like the Wyndham sisters were by Sargent) before marriage scatters them

never know who they will become"

[The late Lady Ailesbury to Lady Oxford when a girl]

These Become?

From Every Set: No. 1

Miss Betty Nuthall

Lady Patricia Mackay

Is said by her contemporaries to be already engaged, but we take no responsibility for this story. A merry, round-faced girl who enjoys night life, she looks older than step-mother Leonora Inchcape

Left: tennis-star Betty Nuthall's engagement to a doctor has been rumoured round the courts two successive seasons. A pleasant, hearty lass and a disappointing champion, Betty is very much all-British

Miss Lindisfarne Hamilton

Above: Lindisfarne Hamilton was the Margaret Whigham of 1925, with a ball at the Ritz and strings of partners. Said good-bye to all that in '30 and went into repertory. Now emerging successfully. Wise brow. Divine figure

Miss Ulrica Thynne

Above, right: Ulrica Thynne is supremely good-looking, sometimes beautiful. Hunts with the Belvoir, etc., dances well, rides in point-to-points. Is twenty-four. Name descends via father Ulric from Lady Ulrica St. Maur

Miss Jean Scott

Jean Scott, whose first cousin made such a good marriage on November 6th, belongs to a very grand, super-exclusive ducal family and is its least pompous ornament. In fact, this unmarried Scott twin is not pompous at all, but a dear

Miss Joan and Miss Joyce Leigh

Right: the Misses Leigh, Joan, daughter of Claude Leigh, and Joyce, of Mrs. Claude Leigh, are a devoted pair. Joan, dark, clear-skinned and intelligent, has delicious sense of humour. Joyce looks like a Viking

Miss Alathea Talbot

Alathea Talbot, who goes well with the Buccleuch, is unaffected and unspoilt, in spite of her adoring father, three London seasons, and lots of friends. Lives near and is kin to titled Border eligibles

Norman Parkinson

MRS. LOTHAR MENDES

Until a month ago that drawing-pin monogram belonged to Mrs. Mendes, then Countess de Bosdari, and "Babe" to her friends. But at the end of November she was married secretly at Slough to Lothar Mendes, the German-American film director. He had just finished work on London Films' picture of H. G. Wells' "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." He made his name with Ufa and then in Hollywood, "Payment Deferred" being one of his finest American productions. Over here "Jew Suss" is the most easily remembered of his films

"Bystander" Short Story No. 17

He was startled by someone saying: "I beg your pardon, but are you interested in old books?"

Sketch by John Pimlott

Prelude: By George Froxfield

DILAPIDATED cars, spruce coaches, and stalls edged Crutchester's paved Square, whose centre was packed with red-necked men, cows, calves, bullocks, pigs and poultry.

Bending over the books on a stall, a tall, lean young man, with blue eyes that looked grey because of their heavy lashes, presently pulled out a battered copy of Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*, and, fluttering the leaves, remembered D'Artagnan . . . Milady . . . grisettes . . . Evidently Romance had flourished in the seventeenth century.

As he glumly thrust the book back, he was startled by someone saying:

"I beg your pardon, but are you interested in old books?"

"Well," he said, taking off his round, green hat, "I was only wondering if I could light on a bargain."

"Lucky people often do," she declared. "Canon Lester picked up a first edition of the—*Bab Ballads*, I think it was—a few days ago. You don't happen to know him, I suppose?"

"'Fraid not. I'm only passing through. I lost my coach, and I'm killing time before the next."

"You've seen our Cathedral, then, I expect?"

"Well, I sort of scampered through it. It was the glorious east window that made me and my coach disconnect."

"It was seeing you so intent on the books that nerved me to speak to you. My husband——" She broke off, hesitated, then added: "My late husband left hundreds of books. They almost filled the vicarage. Many of them belonged to his grandfather, who was Dean here, so I'm sure they're genuine antiques."

"Theological books?"

She nodded.

"Some of them may be very valuable for all I know. That's why it seems foolish to go to a dealer. I might get so terribly done."

"Why, yes! But there are reputable firms in London who would value them for you."

"But it would cost a fortune to send them to London!"

"Then pick out the most likely ones, and——"

"But I don't know which are the most likely ones," she broke in, smiling and frowning simultaneously and looking bewitching. "That's my difficulty. I'm so utterly in the dark."

"I'm afraid I'm as ignorant," he was saying, when a man a few yards away began to ring a hand-bell to attract bidders to a pen of pigs.

"I beg your pardon——"

"I said I was afraid—what a din!"

"Let's get a little farther away," she suggested. "There's always pandemonium here on market day."

As they sauntered between trestle-tables laden with junk, he said:

"I'd have thought there'd be dozens of people in a place like this who could have advised you."

Prelude (Continued)

"I dare say there are," she answered, coming to a standstill in Amen Alley. "But I don't know them. You see, we lived twelve miles away, and I've only just moved here. I know nobody at all who could advise me."

"I'd havé been so terribly glad to have been of any use," said Wyndham morosely.

"It's very kind of you to say so. And I do hope you didn't think it—well, strange of me—speaking to you. I've been so terribly worried, and it did seem *such* a golden opportunity. You see, I thought you might be an antiquarian."

"I'm sorry I struck you that way," he put in, smiling.

"I only said 'might be,'" she reminded him. "The wish was father to the thought. I ought to have known you weren't."

"I look too—vacuous?"

"Too alive. Too eager to live to-day to trouble much about yesterday. Too good a sportsman."

"I hope you're a good reader of faces. Please go on."

"A vicar's wife has to be a judge of character. She gets used to seeing strangers and immediately summing them up and knowing whether they'll make good friends or not."

"Then I anxiously await your verdict. Would I make a good friend?"

"You've kind, clever eyes, and a strong, determined chin, and a sense of humour—I can see that by your mouth. You'd make a splendid friend."

"Then tell me what a splendid friend who knows nothing about old books could do to help you?"

"I only wish I could. I'd take you at your word if I'd the least idea."

"Have you got a list of the books?"

"I could make one," she answered eagerly. "It wouldn't take long. But can you spare the time?"

"I can think of no better way of spending it than helping you."

"But that's — perfectly sweet of you."

"Not a bit. It's perfectly sweet of you to let me."

"Don't we sound too, *too* cloying?" she exclaimed, and laughed. "Well, let's go. My tiny house is on the other side of the Close. By the way, my name's Clemency—Clemency Waldron."

"Mine's Hibbert—Wyndham Hibbert. What a jolly old alley this is!"

"And frightfully old. See that bookseller's? I've sold him a few books already. The facia's dated 1420."

He questioning, she answering, they passed beneath the projecting first storey of the Tudor shop and under the dark arch of the belfry tower into the Close.

An avenue of limes led them to the shadowed lawn beneath the glorious east window of the Cathedral. A flagged path brought them to a round-arched gate in the towering wall. Beyond stretched a narrow road flanked by almshouses and a little Georgian terrace.

"I'm afraid I've talked like a dry old guide-book," Clemency said, as they went up the steps of the last house in the row.

"Aren't groundless fears a sign of bad nerves?" Wyndham asked smiling.

"Yes. And come from living alone," she said, as she opened the front door. "I live here all by myself. . . . This is the dining-room and some of the books."

He was handling Faussett's *Bible Cyclopædia* when she said:

"It's really so inexpressibly good of you to help me that I think you deserve a cup of tea. I'll make it."

He had jotted down dozens of forbidding titles before Clemency reappeared, carrying a tray on which stood a green-and-white tea-service, a plate of golden scones, a dish of jam, and a bowl of crumpled clotted cream.

"What delightful tea!" he exclaimed. "It smells like a rose in an Eastern garden."

"It's China tea."

"I'll never touch Indian again. What scones! Now I know what melting in the mouth means!"

"I made them."

"Then you're wonderful."

"Have you only just realised that?" she cried, laughing.

"Well, perhaps. But I had my suspicions from the very first."

"Everything about me's wonderful—even my curiosity," she said. "Tell me what brought you to Crutchester."

"The coach I missed."

"All right. Be unfriendly, and tell me nothing."

"I mean to tell you everything, and be as friendly as you'll let me be. I've been on a pilgrimage. All my life I've lived with—and on—my mother. Home's been a tiny cottage miles from anywhere, at Portcowan—Cornwall, you know. Mother's a composer—a very good one. I'm a painter—the world's worst. A few days ago I threw my hand in and went to Bristol to see a man I hadn't seen since I was three—my father."

"That sounds terribly tragic. Didn't your mother and he hit it off?"

"They separated eighteen years ago. He's an architect. I'm going into his office."

He slid his hand into his pocket and fingered the ten-pound notes that his father had given him.

"Portcowan's right off the map, you know. My abysmal ignorance of life—how things happen, and why, and all that — amused my father frightfully. You'll laugh—he did—but I feel that the pastoral's over and that the orchestra's going to crash into a new symphony."

"And to-day's only a prelude!" she exclaimed. "Lucky you! So everything's going to change. I wish that was *my* fate. Instead, life's going to meander on—as dull, as deadly—as lonely as ever."

No one who hadn't lived in a Cathedral city, she told him, could have any idea of the cliqueyness, the stand-offishness, and the snobbery there. If you had money, all was well. But she hadn't. It was a battle to make both ends meet. And it was lonely—terribly lonely.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it's wonderful having anyone to talk to—especially a man!"

"You amaze me," he said solemnly. "I'd have thought your one difficulty would have been in keeping men away."

"I shall begin to think you're bad if you say things like that," she declared severely, but she laughed.

"Suppose I was?"

"What—bad? Strangled me and made off with my precious books? Well, nobody would sympathise. They'd say I asked for trouble."

"D' you agree?"

"Of course I don't. Even lonely paupers cling to life."

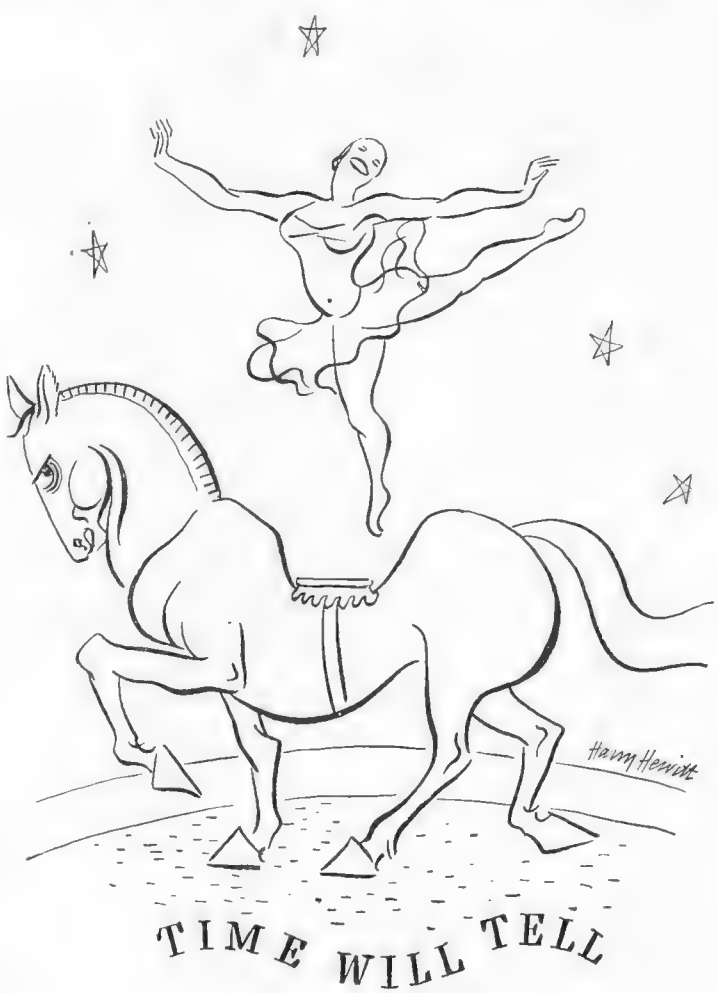
"Never despair. Some of the books I've listed may be terrifically valuable. There's one——"

"Forget them. The mouldy old books can wait till after tea. I've more in the drawing-room—the more valuable ones, I'm told. Go on telling me about yourself."

"There isn't anything more."

"There's a girl—I'm sure there's a girl."

(*Concluded on page* ii)



Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Lady Bridget Parsons

Lord Rosse's beautiful music-liking sister was sketched at a cocktail-party given by Lady Mary Herbert. She is very fair, with lovely eyes; was wearing a red shirt and everything else in black

Lady Milbanke

Was also at Lady Mary Herbert's cocktail-party. She wore a bonnet-shaped astrakhan hat which showed what she says is a newly discovered "widow's peak"

Prince Tassilo Fürstenberg

Is Austrian, lives at Strobl, Salzburg, is a great expert on shooting and fishing, and has led many expeditions "pour le sport" both in Austria and Hungary. He was another of Lady Mary Herbert's cocktail-party guests

Miss Jacqueline Paravicini

The Swiss Minister's second daughter was one of the programme-sellers last Thursday at the "Stowe Show," a variety entertainment at the Duke of York's in aid of the Stowe School Club for Working Boys. Her brother, Vincent, went to school at Stowe

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Three Lovely Wits :

By A. G. Macdonell

On a handful of occasions during the past two or three years I have let out a large whoop of enthusiasm on finding that I can honestly and sincerely let myself go in applause over all the books on my list. (Contrary to the general impression, very few reviewers are thin, sallow men with indigestion, whose only joys are bitter sarcasm and envenomed invective. Mostly they are honest, comfortable fathers-of-families who thoroughly enjoy the chance of beaming benevolently in print.) But if that handful of occasions have been red-letter days, what am I to say when I get, in one and the same week, three brilliantly witty books? It is staggering. It is unique. Like Mr. Shaw's celebrated swearer, when all his household belongings fell out of a cart at the top of a hill and rolled all the way down to the bottom, I cannot do justice to the situation.

The first is *Cage Me a Peacock* (Arthur Barker; 6s.), by Mr. Noel Langley. Its subject is the classic one of Lucrece and Sextus Tarquinius, modernised and brought up to date in the sort of way that Mr. Erskine treated Helen of Troy and Sir Galahad some years ago. But Mr. Langley is incomparably wittier even than the witty Mr. Erskine, and he succeeds in an astonishingly mature way—for I understand that he is quite a young man—in harnessing a glorious exuberance of fancy with a most rigid economy of words and effects. He is, in fact, a little reminiscent in method of Grock.

The heroine, Lucrece, or Althæa, is as deliciously impertinent and as resolute in her determination to get on as Becky Sharp or Miss Mary Mitchell's lovely Wanton, and the Roman soldiers are delightful in their ponderous stupidity. I heartily congratulate Messrs. Barker on their discovery of Mr. Langley. Such polished pebbles do not lie on every beach.

Next comes superb, ridiculous, pathetic, magnificent Mr. Oswald Thake, who returns, complete with Saunders, for our infinite merriment in *Mr. Thake and the Ladies* (Cape; 5s.). Mr. J. B. Morton's creation is one of the few immortals of our times, and he has come back as full of chivalry and muddle and patriotic fire as ever. Mr. Thake opens up with a by-election at which his friend, Colonel Crawshay, "will walk with head erect to the polling station, and the boos of his opponents will glance off him as did the guns of Loos." Then, after some strange adventures in London, he sets out on a Mediterranean cruise. Trouble dogs him from the start. He mistakes his cabin; he ventures a remark to a deaf lady on the Buddhist view of life and is stamped for ever as a Nudist; he is fiercely lectured by the captain; and Saunders keeps on sending him French newspapers, which, as Mr. Thake plaintively points out, can be bought in France. Even Constantinople is a disillusion when, expecting romance and yashmaks, he finds himself "badgered by a nasty little man in a tweed cap to buy a ticket for a football match between the Scutari women police and the Girl Guides of Pera." And so the fun goes on, with inexhaustible wit and high spirits and comical invention. Saunders takes to horse-racing, with disastrous results for everyone, and Mr. Thake learns many strange things about the ways of publishers when he sets out to write his Memoirs, and his entanglements and disentanglements follow each other in bewildering succession. It is all grand fun.

Howard Coster

J. B. Morton

Alias "Beachcomber," this far from gentle satirist has recently had his latest book published by the house of Cape. It is called "Mr. Thake and the Ladies," and costs 5/-

The third of our brilliantly witty books of the week is Mr. James Thurber's *The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Thurber is, of course, well known to all students of the *New Yorker*, but so far he has not been well known enough over here. I hope that this "collection of short pieces, mainly humorous, but with a few kind of sad ones mixed in," as the wrapper describes it, will put Mr. Thurber in the high niche that he deserves. He is not simply a wag. He is a genuine example of that very rare bird, the laughing philosopher. Gentle satire is mixed with delicious parodies; little human documents are followed by subtle commentaries on the social follies of the age. And when he likes, Mr. Thurber can take the button off his rapier and thrust with devastating effect. His attack on poor Mr. William Gerhardi is positively deadly in its vehemence, and, the laws of libel being the tricky things they are, wild horses will not extract any statement from me on the justice or injustice of the attack. But for the most part Mr. Thurber is content to laugh gently at our simple follies. His occasional short stories are as delicious as the rest, as, for example, the one called "If Grant Had Been Drinking at Appomatox."

The fourth book on the list comes from the firm of Ivor Nicholson and Watson, and before I forget, that reminds me that I reviewed on this page a few weeks ago Emile Cammaert's biography of King Albert of the Belgians and omitted the name of the publisher and the price. The former was the aforesaid Ivor Nicholson and Watson, the latter was 21s. This week the book is *Kitty Duchess of Queensberry* (15s.), by Miss Violet Biddulph. Catherine Hyde was born in 1701, and at the age of nineteen she married her cousin, Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry. He was called the Good Duke, in distinction to his successor, the celebrated "Old Q." The lives of this rich, influential ducal pair ran in very much the ordinary grooves of politics and society, and owe such fame as they have acquired almost entirely to their friendship with John Gay, author of *The Beggar's Opera*. They entertained on a large scale, but parsimoniously; they visited Bath, they maintained great establishments. Kitty soon acquired a formidable reputation for eccentricity and cared not a straw what she said to anyone. But tragedy clouded her domestic life. The heir, Lord Drumlanrig, shot himself, some said by accident, others hinted at suicide; while the second son died of consumption. The direct line of the Douglases was thus broken after five hundred years, and the heirship passed to a cousin, Lord March. The Duchess herself died at the age of seventy-six—of a chest trouble, according to the servants at Queensberry House, and according to Horace Walpole, of a surfeit of cherries. She appears to have been beautiful, high-spirited, arrogant, self-willed, and capricious. But she also won "the forgiveness of those whom she had slighted," and retained her friends throughout life.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Country clothes always offer infinite variety both in the way of colouring and new materials. This season checks lead the way, and Jay's, Regent Street, have introduced them in the three-piece ensemble on the right, which may be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor. The material is a soft wool tweed in shades of bottle-green, beige, and off-white. On warmer days, the short belted coat and skirt can be worn without the top-coat, which is full length and lined throughout with silk. It has wide revers (which are held in position by buttons), patch pockets, and a belt. The skirt is admirably cut, with three inverted pleats, and the price of the whole ensemble is only twelve guineas

A Study In Contrasts For Sun-Seekers

For some time past the Tyrolean influence has made itself felt in the matter of hats, but now it is extending to clothes in general. In other words, the picturesque figure below is typical of what many women will wear when they follow the sun to the West Indies and elsewhere. Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street, are responsible for the models on this page, both of which are designed for cruising. The advantage, however, of the frock below is that it may equally well be worn for fancy-dress dances on board. It only costs 69s. 6d., and consists of a green and white check frock, with white organdie sleeves, and a black apron

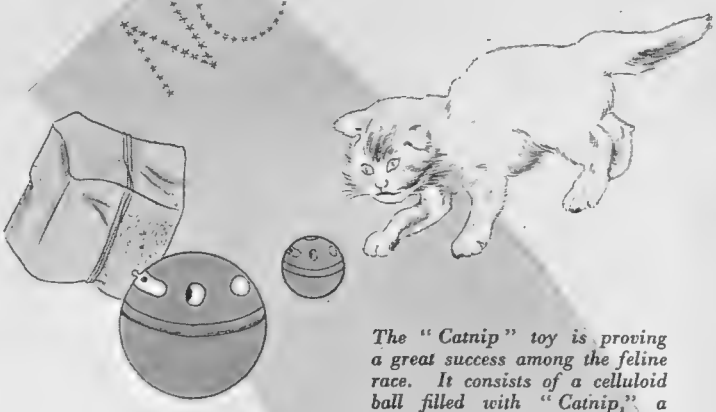
Many people may prefer something less striking and will choose this simple frock in uncrushable linen for 4½ gns. printed with navy-blue Roman figures. It is perfectly plain save for the contrasting buttons and linen scarf, which can be tied in several becoming ways. This firm specialise in swim suits for the tropics and warm climates. These are designed specially so that they should not irritate the skin, and are made of double Celanese. There are play suits as well that can be worn in the water and which dry quickly. They are all in one, and suggest "shorts," which, by the way, show signs of superseding trousers. People, however, who are not so slender will continue to wear the latter

Philip Harben

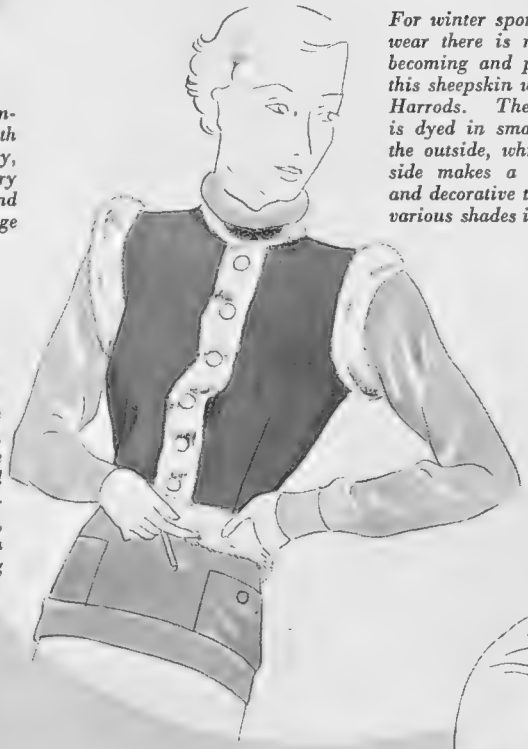
The BYSTANDER TWINS in Search of Gifts

discovered by peta; pictured by pam.

Children always feel very proud of themselves once they can tell the time, and with this original eight-day clock in the nursery, they are bound to learn quickly. Nursery rhymes are pictured all round the frame, and the price is 25s. at Harrods, Knightsbridge

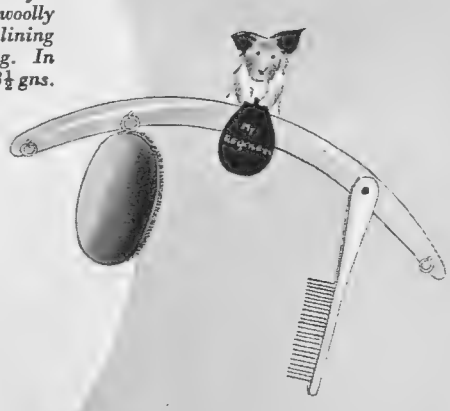


The "Catnip" toy is proving a great success among the feline race. It consists of a celluloid ball filled with "Catnip," a herbal tonic. As the ball rolls across the floor, the contents escape through an opening and get eaten up by the kitten



For winter sports or country wear there is nothing more becoming and practical than this sheepskin waistcoat from Harrods. The leather side is dyed in smart shades for the outside, while the woolly side makes a warm lining and decorative trimming. In various shades it costs 3½ gns.

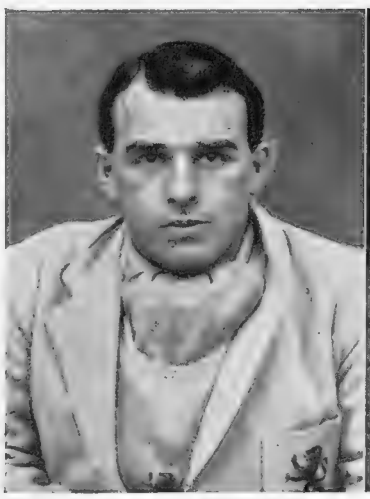
Every woman who wishes to accentuate her charm should adopt "Moon Mist," the new Laleek perfume, created by Adelaide Grey, 27, Old Bond Street. Though essentially sophisticated, its fragrance is fresh and sparkling



The "Doggy's Rack" is a most useful object in the shape of a coat-hanger. It will take a full-size brush, comb, collar and lead—in fact, everything a dog requires, and only costs 1s. 6d. at Harrods. Brushes in red, blue or polished mahogany are sold separately

Here is the perfect hat for a wet day, or playing golf. It is made in cello silk, trimmed with a plain band. No amount of folding will harm it, and it is absolutely rain-proof. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, it costs 49s. 6d.

Floral clips in varying colour combinations are becoming and smart. Harvey Nichols have them for clothes and also for the hair. The latter can be worn in several different ways, and are particularly charming with curls. They cost 4s. 11d.



G. W. Parker

The Cambridge full-back is a player with any amount of initiative. He also has a safe pair of hands and is a strong kick

H. M. Hughes

Is a hard-working forward who has proved himself beyond all question to be a pillar of strength in the back row and may be capped for Wales

M. M. Walford

The Oxford centre who is also a sound player in the stand-off-half position which he occupied when at Rugby and for the Rest in the second trial

B. C. Gadney

Whose performances during this season have stamped him as one of the finest scrum-halves to have been seen for many a long day

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Possibles and Probables for England

At this festive season, the thought of Rugby football is more than usually abhorrent, and I cannot be persuaded to take it absolutely seriously.

It is probably a sad mistake ever to take it seriously: a few guffaws now and again would do the game good. These are fairly solemn days in the Rugby world, though. The London Counties are facing the New Zealanders again at Twickenham on Boxing Day, and England will be going the same hard road a few days later.

I don't know how New Zealanders react to Christmas, but from what I have seen of the present lot, they will not disdain the pudding and the brandy-sauce. They should, I think, make the most of an English Christmas: no heel-taps, and so on. It would help their training; give them something to work off. It might also help the London Counties, who will need every scrap of help available.

You will gather that I do not favour the Counties' chances, and you will be right. I do not, at the time of going to press, favour England's chances, for that matter. I rate these All Blacks pretty high, in fact, provided they are all fit. There will be occasion shortly for a valedictory summing-up of their tour; in the meanwhile, let us merely remark that they have been uncommonly unfortunate in the way of injuries to key players, and that, all things considered, they have put up a fine show.

The England side is shaping itself, or, rather, being shaped by our indefatigable selectors, and it may not be so desperately weak as at one period seemed likely. B. C. Gadney fairly excelled himself in the Moseley trial; they tell me that his passing from the scrummage threatened to bore holes in stand-off half Candler, so fast and long it was.

Now, Gadney may be a deciding factor in the New Zealand match, for the All Blacks are apt to allow opposing scrum-halves to break from the scrummage rather easily, and Gadney needs only half a chance to be away and through on his own.

I suppose Candler is digging himself in as Gadney's partner, though G. F. Williams did quite well for the Possibles. Williams is a strong, quick youngster, a very useful second string. I am glad to see M. M. Walford, the Oxford centre, tried at stand-off half, which was his place at Rugby. He has the appearance of a stand-off half, the quickness and balance and rhythm, and the selectors have put him into the second trial in this place for the Rest, and here let us note that England's centres have turned out to be P. Cranmer and R. A. Gerrard. And if you think Gerrard is an old man, forget it. He may be rather more solid, rather less swift than when he first played for England, but he is only twenty-four years of age, and so a long way from the veteran stage.

And I notice that Prince Obolensky will have been tested in a trial match. An odd name to see in an England team, but he has lived so long in the country, and the international qualification rules are so nebulous, that I haven't the heart to protest. After all, an Egyptian has played for Scotland, a Chinaman for Wales, and a South African will certainly represent England this year; so where are we? If Obolensky is good enough, he will be capped, and there is an end of it. And he almost deserves to play on the strength of that tackle of his in the Varsity match, when he came across from the opposite wing, giving a very passable imitation of the Blue Bird, and swept the startled Rawlence into touch a foot short of the line. A horrid moment for Rawlence, who must have been happily wondering whether he should content himself with scoring in the corner, or run round under the posts.

It is true that Fyfe slipped Obolensky now and again, but Obolensky can let a man go, and then catch him up from behind, a very disconcerting habit.

Several of the Varsity match players looked like potential Internationals to me, apart from the illustrious ones who have already represented their countries. M. McG. Cooper, the Oxford captain, a New Zealand forward who might well play for Scotland; C. T. Bloxham, another fine forward; and M. Hughes, the sort of back-row man the Welsh selectors should grab with both hands. M. Walford I have mentioned, but G. W. Parker, the Cambridge full-back, would be a useful stand-by if H. G. Owen-Smith's knee let him down, which heaven forbid!

It was a good Varsity match, if you will forgive me harking back so far; a better match, in my opinion than has been generally admitted. Oxford rammed home a valuable lesson by monopolising the ball in the tight scrummages: it was pathetic to see those grand attacking Cambridge backs waiting for chances which never came their way. Actually, the teams cancelled one another out. If Cambridge had heeled the ball with any frequency at all, they must, I think, have won handsomely. As it was, they spent their time snuffing out Oxford in mid-field, and very effectively they did it, so that the unhappy Obolensky did not get one single real chance to show us his true speed. Fine defence by Cambridge, that must be admitted. And when we remember the form at the beginning of the season, when everyone was saying that Cambridge would massacre their opponents, we must add a tribute to the team-work of Oxford, and K. L. T. Jackson's captaincy, and Cooper's leadership of the pack.

Mr. and Mrs. is the Name . . .

A Who's Whose Series of Screen Wives and Husbands

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson (Gladys Lloyd)

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Fenton (Ann Dvorak)

Mr. and Mrs. James Durante (Jeanne Oleson)

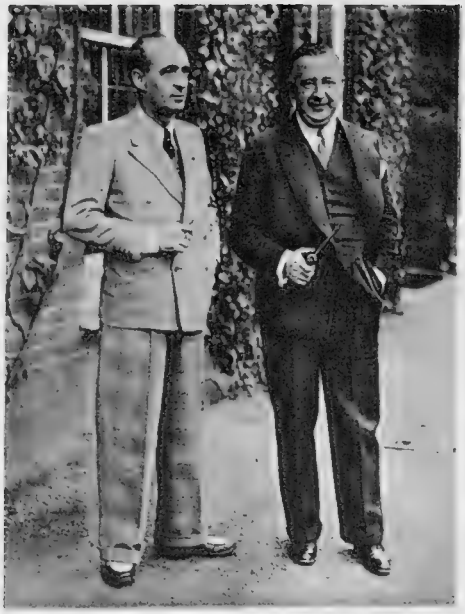
Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson *met in a play; he was on the stage before he became a film star, and she was Gladys Lloyd, a New York actress, before she became Mrs. Robinson. Edward G. is Roumanian, born in Bucharest, went to America with his family as a child, is an M.A. of Columbia University, speaks lots of languages, likes pictures (real ones) better than most things, wanted to be a clergyman and a lawyer before the war got him into the Navy. Mrs. Robinson is of Welsh descent, a marvellous hostess, and gives grand parties. They have a son of nearly three, known as Manny*

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Fenton *are another of Hollywood's happy couples. They own a ranch in San Fernando Valley, work on it themselves and rear chickens, walnuts, peaches and figs. Leslie Fenton is the English stage and screen actor; his last work over here was in "F.P.1.," which he did when he and his wife visited London two years ago. Ann Dvorak was born in New York and was called McKim before she took the Dvorak inspiration from her mother's side of the family She is the star of "Thanks a Million," the new film at the Tivoli*

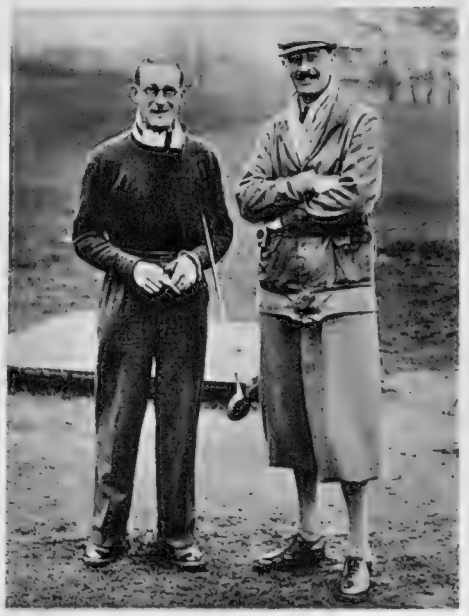
Mr. and Mrs. James Durante *are among Hollywood's most famous open-house hosts and hostesses, which is why Mrs. Durante, who as Jeanne Oleson was a noted night-club entertainer in New York, doesn't go out much. Night-clubs used to provide the background to their lives for in his time Schnozzle played the piano in half-a-dozen or so of Broadway's best-known after-midnight haunts, and was associated with Irving Berlin, Eddie Cantor and George Raft in their early days. Now he has filled his house with pianos and regales his friends with ha-cha-charming music*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Bigger Golf Balls



Leonard B. Gullick, the honorary secretary of the Nineteenth Club, and Peter Shepherd, the secretary of Selsdon Park Golf Club, thanking their stars that it is actually not raining



With the Nineteenth Club at Selsdon Park

Derek Burdett and R. F. Price refuse to be unduly serious. The latter won the "Golf Illustrated" Cup for the second year in succession

P. Cotes-Preedy with Capt. Devereaux-Wood, the Indian Army Champion, who tied for second place with a score of 76 and also tied for the scratch prize

EVER since the rubber-cored golf ball came into use it has apparently been the aim of all the manufacturers of golf balls to produce balls that go farther and farther. If we look at the advertisements of the rubber companies which make golf balls, we see that the X golf ball goes farthest, and that Mr. A has driven it 425 yards; the facts that Mr. A was playing down a steep hill, that the ground was as hard as iron, and that there was a gale behind him are not considered worthy of mention. The fact that the X golf ball has been driven 425 yards is sufficient to send numerous golfers to the professional's shop to procure one of these balls, in the vain hope of emulating Mr. A's performance.

Lawson Little's first tee shot in the Open Championship at Muirfield this year went approximately 380 yards. This distance was measured by pacing and is certainly within a yard or two of the correct distance. The first hole at Muirfield measures 450 yards, and is designed for a drive and a moderately long iron shot. Little played it with a drive and a half shot with a mashie-niblick, and then tried to hole his putt for a 3, but ran past, and missed coming back, so he gained no advantage from his long tee shot. Lees, of the Dore and Totley Golf Club, which was one of the first clubs to experiment with lead arsenate as a remedy against worms, did not require wood for any second shot in one round at Muirfield, on a course stretched to nearly 7000 yards in length. The holes on the links at Hoylake will measure over 7000 yards when the Open Championship is played there next year, and some mathematician has calculated that the winner will have walked over 30 miles before he gains victory.

I PERSONALLY, am of the opinion that he will have to walk considerably farther than this distance. Henry Cotton, a young man who undergoes a strenuous course of training and practises for many hours daily before an important golf competition, has stated that he would not care to play regularly on championship courses from the back tees. If these long courses put a strain on a young, fit man like Cotton, what must they do to golfers aged around fifty-five, who are, without doubt, the backbone of the game, and who are responsible far more than the good young players for maintaining golf clubs in sound golfing and financial positions.

AT St. Andrews, in September this year, several players of varying handicaps tried an experimental ball which had been produced with the idea of reducing the distance the ball can be hit. Major W. H. Aitken, who is one of the longest hitters, and who at the time was in full practice and consequently hitting the ball very well and very accurately, drove this ball about the same distance as Robert Harris, playing in the same match, could hit the ball in use at the present time. On December 8th, at Addington, a match was played with an experimental ball between a side consisting of two very good lady players, two professionals, and eight of our leading amateur male golfers, and a side consisting of twelve players from the present Oxford and Cambridge teams. I did not see this match, but have seen several sound judges of the game who were present, and have discussed this ball with them.

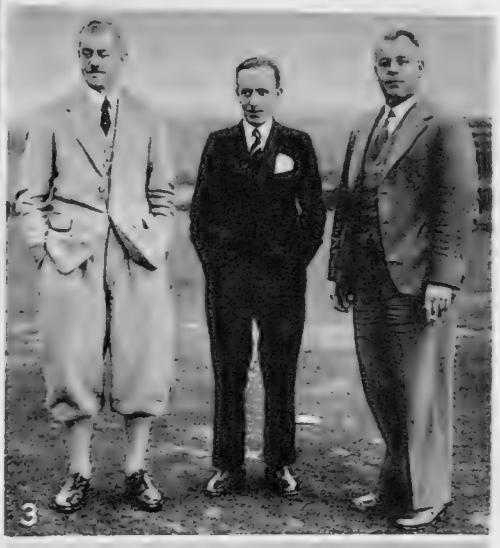
THE best player obtained the best results, and swingers, as opposed to hitters, found it easier to control the ball and had no difficulty in getting full value for good shots, and what is more important, bad shots did not obtain satisfactory results as they often do with the present ball. It is certain that this ball will not be standardised, but it is also certain that something must be done to reduce the distance the modern ball can be hit, or the game will become more and more a matter of physical endurance and less and less of skill. It is easy to say that the present ball is most unsatisfactory, but how to produce a more suitable ball is a most difficult matter. You cannot expect the members of the Rules of Golf Committee to have an intimate knowledge of the construction of balls, and their only definition of the ball is that its weight must not be greater than 1·62 ounces avoirdupois, and its size not less than 1·62 inches in diameter. This ball was legalised with the idea of reducing the distance the ball could be hit, but it has had the opposite effect, as the manufacturers have made it go farther than its predecessor by tighter winding, reducing the thickness of the cover, and other means.

IF the Rules of Golf Committee held a meeting to which representatives from all the rubber companies and other firms which manufacture golf balls were invited, it should surely be possible, after a certain amount of discussion, to produce a ball that would give considerably more satisfaction that the present one. At St. Annes this year, in the Amateur Championship, Lawson Little topped a tee shot completely and yet the ball travelled 230 yards straight down the course to a position from which he could reach the green, at a hole of 461 yards, with an iron club. A very knowledgeable golfer, who at one time was a first-class player said, during the Open Championship this year, that the artistry of the game had gone. Only a few years ago, an elderly professional was well placed in the Open Championship, with one round to play. Asked by a friend if he was going to win, he replied, "No, sir; my legs will not stand it." There is no shadow of doubt that the present ball makes the winning of an Open Championship or other big golf competition more a matter of physical strength and stamina than of skill at the game. There are many people who say that a ball that can be hit a shorter distance than the present ball will not meet with the approval of the general public, but I feel sure that the general public would enjoy its golf more if it was not necessary to walk so far to play a round. There are in play at the present time courses where the distance walked from greens back to tees and forward again comes to about 2 miles. At one time, the players only had to walk to the side of the green of the hole which had just been played to reach the next tee. Nowadays, as the modern ball has made it necessary to lengthen the courses, it is by no means uncommon to have to walk back 100 yards or more from a green to the next tee.

Golf Clubs At Home

Sherwood Forest Golf Club, Mansfield, Notts

A View of the Club-house



(1) S. Richardson (secretary), W. Gamble (captain), N. McLaren Bogue (vice-captain). (2) C. M. Duckworth, C. H. Hill (director), "Pearly" Biggs. (3) Dr. S. Littlewood (director), Dr. W. H. Gray, W. H. Smith. (4) G. H. Hickman, W. King (director), W. A. Royce (director); (sitting) H. Royce and A. M. Bird (directors). (5) W. C. Hanna, J. G. Walton, J. Hunter, H. Tate. (6) F. Armstrong (director), H. Jarvis, P. J. Bradfield. (7) A. W. E. McCabe (director), S. B. James, G. H. Houfton (ex-captain and director), J. H. Bingley (ex-captain). (8) J. Cuthbert, A. G. Beck (professional), R. Hickling, and "Billie"

Women's Golf:

Two Lookers-On

Mr. Richard Rabbinge and his sister kept their eye on the Golf Ball while supping at Grosvenor House

Taking the Floor

Miss Molly Gourlay and Mr. C. D. Hannay wait for the band to start again while dancing at the Golf Ball

The Season's Wishes

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IN a number dated December 25th what is it possible to do or say except wish you and every other golfer a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year? No doubt something appropriate ought to be added; something about holing all the long putts or missing none of the short, or hitting the ball further than ever; while to a chosen few it is obvious that a better coloured medal in the Championship is what they would wish themselves, as comprising all the other wishes.

Thinking it all over quietly during a thoroughly seasonable drive when snow seemed imminent and my golf clubs a mockery, I tried to determine what would be the most valuable thing one would wish a golfer, supposing that there were a fairy godmother able to grant it. I don't mean to suggest Christmas presents—the date is too late for anybody to dash out and buy a whole new set of clubs, a box of tees, a new leather bag, or a pair of mitts. I mean the sort of present that the good fairy in the pantomime bestows on the Princess, the golfing equivalent of boundless wealth, unfailing charm, matchless beauty, or any other of the traditional endowments.

Would the golfer who could be granted her wish ask for greater length than anybody else, more certainty in picking up long wooden seconds from doubtful lies, more devastating accuracy with the irons up to the hole, or with short approaches, long putts which never failed to go stone-dead, or perfection of nerve that should never miss a short one? Or would she rather crave some temperamental gift—a refusal to admit defeat, the ability to rise to the big occasion, the steadiness which never plays down to the little one, the great heart which rejoices in battle with somebody who plays shot for shot with her?

I WONDER? Somehow I feel that the temperamental gifts are the more desirable. Any able-bodied female with a good eye and a normal amount of application ought to be able to hit the ball a certain distance and arrive at a certain standard of excellence. The number of low handicaps in the world to-day testifies to the fact that they do. But it is the mental gifts alone

(*Continued on page* ii)

Golf — With Interruptions

Miss Enid Wilson, Sir John Simon, Miss Kathleen Garnham and Sir Albert Clavering interrupted by the photographer when about to play a little Sunday golf at Walton-on-the-Naze. Sir John was again interrupted by an S.O.S. to attend a hastily summoned Cabinet meeting

Coats Off to It

Mr. John de Forest helped to make things go with a swing at the Golf Ball when he got busy driving at the indoor practice machine, which was a most popular side-show

Miss Phyllis Wade

The 1934 English champion was one of the side-show competitors at the Golf Ball. She was a member of the touring team that got back the other day from Australia and New Zealand

One Plays Tennis, the Other Plays Golf

Miss Kay Stammers and Miss Diana Fishwick had a shot at "flagging" the hidden treasure of another of the endless side-shows which kept people off the Golf Ball dance floor. Mr. Ronald Jones is the man standing behind them

All Tee'd Up

The Golf Ball at Grosvenor House In Aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington

"So That's What I Do!"

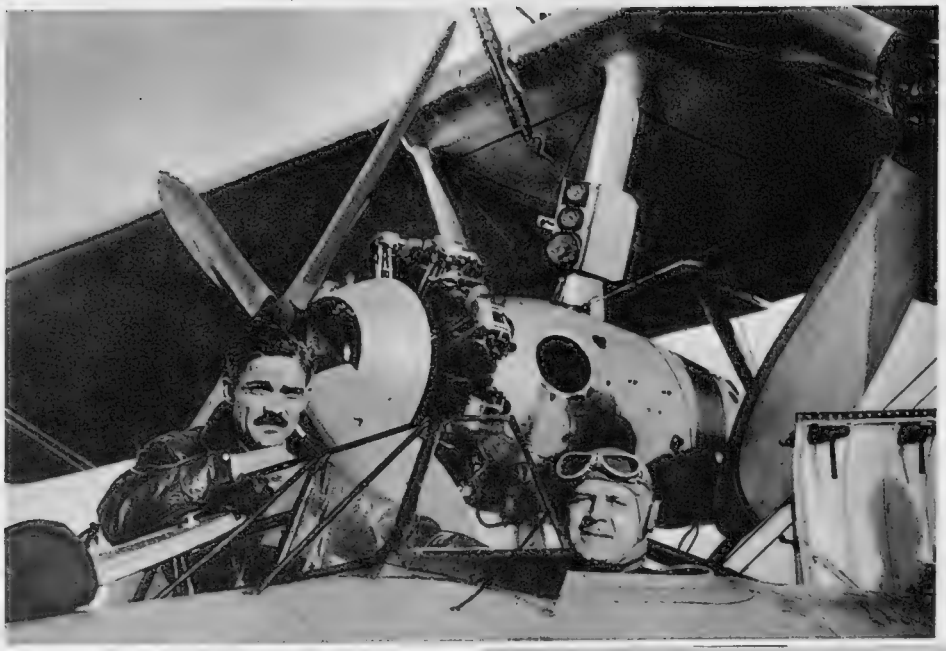
Miss Enid Wilson, golf authoress as well as player, spent her shilling or whatever it was on backing herself against the tricks of that putting green

Waiting For Their Charity Suppers

In this six-sided supper-party at Grosvenor House were Major T. South, who is hon. secretary of the Boys' Golf Championship committee, Mrs. John Weston, Mr. Harry Payne, Mr. Robert Mathieson, an Oxford golf and swimming Blue, Mrs. Mathieson, and Mr. John Weston

Progress is in the Air

By Charles Ward



Left: world's largest training 'plane, the Short "Calcutta" flying-boat, arrives at Southampton. Major Brackley, Air Superintendent to Imperial Airways, on the right, with Flight-Lieutenant Middleton, one of the instructors at A.S.T., Hamble. Two boats are to be used, for training pilots who will be in command of the new flying-cruisers on the Empire routes, each fitted with three 700-h.p. Siddeley "Tiger" engines

'Planes and Personalities of 1935

Successes of 1935 have been mostly de Havilland "Comets," Percival "Gulls," the Miles "Falcon," and the Hendy "Heck," all with Gipsy engines of some sort or another. It would be true to call it the Gipsy's year, for no important record or race has been won without a power plant to the design of Major Frank Halford. There have been few strictly new types of 'plane produced during the year. The "Hornet" Moth is the most outstanding; a cabin two-seater that is following in the slipstream of all the early Moths and selling well. The "Phœnix" from Heston is the most novel of the newcomers—very quiet, very efficient, and with most pleasing lines. There is the Colonial "Aeronca," imported from Canada via the States, which is likely to appeal to clubs wanting a cheap and reliable two-seater. Finally there is the "Flea," which, like the fabled insect of that name, has several smaller fleas that are causing some annoyance to itself, and, until someone puts in 100 hours on a "Flea" without crashing it, the type must be classed as one for 1936 to prove. Captain Edgar Percival, designer-pilot of the "Gull" series, is probably the most outstanding name amongst the men, and Miss Jean Batten, who flew the South Atlantic, is the lady pilot of the year.

Flying to Most Places

There are air routes to most places in the world, from the Arctic to Patagonia, from England to Australia, China and South Africa. The year just ending has been one of continual progress both in design and operation. All-metal aircraft, low-wing monoplanes, retractable wheels and floats, variable-pitch airscrews have become the order of the day. Each of the leading air Powers, the United States, Germany, France, Russia, and ourselves, has extended its air routes in the bid for supremacy along the world's skyways. With a few exceptions, there has been no notable increase of speed on the air lines, but much improvement in regularity and frequency. Imperial Airways' policy of expansion—two services a week to Africa and the Far East, which means four a week to and from Egypt—has been completely justified by the results of traffic. The Christmas mail for Australia broke all records, weighing nearly two tons and consisting of 160,000 letters and cards. The average load to Africa is one ton a week spread over the two services. Passengers for distant parts of the Empire have to book weeks in advance to be certain of a seat. The Franco-Belgian line across the Sahara to the Congo is in regular use after many years of experimental flights, but the major achievement of the year is the American line across the Pacific to the Philippines.

The North Atlantic Air Mail. Until the direct crossing is made by air, "mails by catapult" will still gain time between Europe and North America. Our picture shows the launching gear on the German liner "Europa"

Hospitality on the Wing

There is to be an International Air Rally in England next July, to which foreign owner-pilots are to be invited as guests of the Royal Aero Club. This is as it should be, for the hospitality received abroad by British pilots has been on a lavish scale in the past, and such reciprocity as we have been able to offer has been on the part of a few individuals, who cannot be expected to continue entertaining for the benefit of the majority. The original Week-End Aerien was organised in 1932 by Mr. Nigel Norman, of Heston, and Mr. Ivor McClure, when the latter was patrolling the skies for the "A.A." Heston will again be the flying headquarters for the party, guests being accommodated at a West End hotel. The Royal Aero Club is organising the hospitality fund, to which it is hoped that flying clubs, their members who tour abroad, and owner-pilots will contribute. Eats, drinks and be merry are on us this time. Before July 1936 arrives, many British pilots will be touring on the Continent. Just a reminder that members of the Royal Aero Club who are in possession of an F.A.I. Identity Card (free issue) may land, hangar their aircraft for forty-eight hours, and take off again without any charge when visiting the following countries: Austria, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Lithuania, Roumania Sweden, and Yugoslavia.

By Royal Appointment

De Havillands have been honoured by appointment as aircraft manufacturers to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, a privilege that they have earned by supplying all but one of the aircraft in the Royal fleet since 1929. The Prince became the owner of an open two-seater Moth soon after he took up flying seriously, following this with a "Puss" Moth, a "Dragon," and now the "Rapide." His choice is a tribute to the general excellence of de Havilland designs, the proved reliability of Gipsy engines, and to the fact that spares and service can be obtained all over the world.

Racing at Windsor

Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. George Duller, and Mr. and Mrs. G. S. L. Whitelaw made up this group at the last Windsor steeplechase meeting. The Whitelaws' Tinker won the Mill Hurdle Race

Miss Barbara Lambton

Was out with the College Valley when they met at her father's house, Westnewton, Wooler. She is the only child of Captain the Hon. Claud Lambton, who is Lord Durham's brother and has been joint-Master of this Border pack since 1924

December Days in the Open Air

Below: Lady Dorothy Head and her younger sister, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, were photographed at the Quorn meet at Frisby-on-the-Wreake

Coursing at Newmarket

Mr. J. A. Dewar is with Sir Woodman Burbidge, one of the stewards of the South of England Coursing Club's meeting at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket

Ashley-Cooper Sisters

Cottesmore Foot Followers

These two are Miss Diana Harrison and Miss Mary Sherrard, and they were taking their exercise at and after the Cottesmore meet at Ashwell, near Oakham

The Motorist Afoot

By The Earl of Cardigan

Mr. H. E. Symons and two companions reached Kano, Nigeria, in just over seven days after leaving England. They are seen in the Morris "25" in which they made the trip

WHILE walking in London a few days ago, I had an experience which, I suppose, must now be fairly commonplace. I was going along a pavement, and came to a moderately busy road-junction. I was about to step off into the roadway, when I noticed a taxi approaching at a fair rate of speed.

Being at the time somewhat preoccupied, I had no thought as to my status under Mr. Belisha's recent regulations. I therefore automatically did what seemed to me the natural and prudent thing. I checked myself on the edge of the pavement—maybe I even had one foot in the roadway—and waited for the taxi to go past.

Then occurred a very pretty scene. The taxi-driver brought his cab quickly to a standstill and, with becks and nods and wreathèd smiles—in other words, with a grin and a jerk of the head—invited me to cross over ahead of him.

Now, rightly or wrongly, I was quite taken aback by this display of courtesy. I was, as I say, somewhat preoccupied, and it did not at once occur to me that I had one foot within a safety "lane." For a moment, I was prompted to raise the hat and cry, "No, no, sir! After you!"

Wiser counsels, happily, prevailed—for when one starts being as courteous as all that, the thing can go on almost indefinitely. With a nod that was intended to convey merely polite appreciation, I marched across to the opposite pavement.

Now—for this is the point of my story—exactly why did this incident seem so incongruous? It may be worth while to attempt an analysis.

There is, of course, one obvious explanation—and I shall not wait for a certain gentleman in South Africa to write and point out to me what it is. It may be said that I was taken aback because this driver was extending to me a courtesy which, had our rôles been reversed, I should not have shown to him. It may be inferred that, when I myself drive a car, I am accustomed to intimidate pedestrians and force my way ruthlessly among them.

I have, however, examined my conscience on this point, and I can find nothing to support such a theory. If I fall short of this taxi-driver in courtesy, I believe that I can at least claim to be well up to the average. Some further explanation must be sought.

My own view is this. The motorist, when he has been driving for any length of time, acquires a certain sense of responsibility. (I speak of the sober majority, not of the erratic few.) He feels it a personal obligation to keep clear of trouble by every means in his power. He takes certain precautions, not merely for his own protection, but as a matter of principle.

THUS, every sane person who drives a car through London is accustomed to assume that the pedestrian *may*, at any moment, make some rash or careless movement which will precipitate an emergency. Anyone walking near the edge of the pavement *may* suddenly step off. From behind any stationary vehicle someone *may* appear without warning. Along every yard of the streets danger of this sort is to be feared.

I do not claim that every London motorist is a bundle of nervous energy, alert for every conceivable happening. I merely say that he is, and must be, almost continuously on his guard. The ordinary pedestrian, on the other hand, does not look at things in this light. He does not return the compliment by pre-supposing that every motorist is a potential nit-wit. On the contrary, he seems to assume—which may or may not be the case—that every driver is a sensible, competent fellow, in full control of his machine, and fully alive to all that is going on.

When I failed to walk across in front of the taxi, I am sure that I was subconsciously thinking from the motoring, and not the pedestrian, point of view. I believe that my mental process, such as it was, went more or less as follows: "Here is a taxi. The driver *may* be thinking of his wife's Christmas present. He *may* not be thinking at all. It is possible that he has not even seen me. I will remain on the pavement until he has passed."

Of course, I was quite wrong. I should have thought, "I am a pedestrian. Mr. Belisha has said that taxis must not run into pedestrians. He has put down a lot of studs, and raised a lot of beacons. I will take no notice of this taxi."

None the less, I think there is quite a lot to be said for the more wary attitude of mind which motoring inspires. Simple faith may be admirable; but I suspect it of being responsible for a great proportion of road accidents. It is practised by pedestrians to a far larger extent than by any other class of road-users.

ONE hesitates to advocate suspiciousness; but if only, when two people approach a crossing, one on foot and one at the wheel of a car, *both* parties would assume their opposite number to be a fool, how difficult it would be for an accident to take place between them! If both happened to be wrong in this assumption, no harm would be done. If one or other happened to be right the potential danger would be averted.

For this reason, pedestrian crossings, although in many ways practical and useful, may have a decidedly unhealthy influence. They encourage a degree of simple faith which, in this imperfect world, may be generally, but cannot be invariably, justified.

A very temporary mascot! It is not likely that the turkey seen posing as a mascot on the new Hillman "Minx" will be holding down that particular job after to-day

Right: a South Coast panorama from the road leading to Beachy Head from Eastbourne. The car in the foreground is an M.G. "Midget" sports two-seater

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BERNESE OBERLAND

Conversation Piece at the Golf Ball

In yet another party of golf chariteers at Grosvenor House were Miss Betty Dix Perkin, Dr. Blake, and Mrs. Zair

The Season's Wishes

(*Continued from page 572*)

which take some talented few farther, make them champions, single them out from the ruck. If I were on the threshold of a golfing career with that fairy godmother at my beck and call, I should certainly crave first and foremost the last wish, the temperament which rejoices in battle with somebody who would play shot for shot with me, because that really embraces all the other wishes, and then, when that were granted, and only then, should I pester the benefactress for the concrete endowments. And they should be the putting of long seconds up close to the hole, whether with wood or iron and—the third wish was always important in the best fairy-stories—to put the long putts stone dead. I should, in fact, insist that they must be so dead that nobody, even in the final of the championship, would ask me to hole them out.

Of course, if the shots up to the hole were really superlative, there would be no very long putts to lay dead; that is where the catch would come in, after the best approved fairy fashion. Still, one would not mind being quite sure of taking no more than two from a few yards off the hole. Or would steady respectability in that line be as maddening as occasional brilliance, occasional inaptitude? I am sure there is some apposite familiar quotation about those who never know the depths of woe being unable to appreciate the height of bliss, but there are so many quotations, apt and otherwise, flying about on Christmas-cards at this time of year that I will not inflict another on you. You know what I mean, don't you?

NEXT week, when we take a retrospect of 1935, perhaps it will be possible to discover why the respective champions have won their titles, but, thinking of it casually at this moment, I should certainly say that it was the shots up to the hole which did it for them all, coupled with fine putting. Nobody ever won a championship if they putted badly in it. That is not the same as saying no bad putter ever won; the bad may have good days, and even weeks, but the standard nowadays is too high, the difference between the leading players so slight, that the putting is bound to be a decisive factor.

I REMEMBER once trying to give an explanation of the game of golf to somebody who had never played the game, nor seen it played. At the end, my seeker after knowledge remarked naïvely: "I see; then you don't really count the strokes until you are on the green and begin to putt." Her conclusion was a good deal nearer the mark than my exposition had evidently been. Watch two first-class players playing their best, and one does feel that it is the putting, and the putting only, which decides who shall win.

So, courage, accurate long shots, perfect approach putting, those are the three wishes. I suppose that next week I ought to frame good resolutions for the New Year about how all may be acquired. But I shan't. There is too much to think over about the events of 1935. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Prelude (*Continued from page 562*)

"There is not."

"You 've never been in love?"

"Never."

"Nor have I. . . . You look astounded. Well, I was seventeen when I married. I didn't know anything about—about anything."

It was the first time he had heard a woman's confidences. He found hers—even her reticences—inexpressibly thrilling. . . .

An hour later he stood in a cool green-and-white room, where green chintz curtains dimmed the sunlight, and handled a tattered *History of Heresie*, dated 1698, and a broken-backed volume of Wesley's *Tracts*.

"Those are the two most valuable ones," said she, sitting down on the sofa. "A bishop told my husband so. They 're worth at least three pounds each. Can you see them properly? The sun streams in here so that I have to keep the curtains drawn all the afternoon. Shall I pull them back?"

"Don't! It 's glorious in here—mysterious, eerie. I wish—oh, but what's the good?"

"Sit down—here—and tell me exactly what you wish."

He sat down, and staring, said:

"I 'd love to paint you—here—just as you are. You look so mysterious and nymphish——"

"You look mysterious too, but Pan-like."

"Pan? I 'm sorry. The nymphs thought Pan a very bad fellow."

"Did they? But then, we never hear his side of it. Perhaps they—provoked"

"Lovely things can't help doing that, so it 's not their fault. For example, a lovely hand is very rare. And yours is rarely lovely."

She held out her hand, staring at it, then asked:

"And provoking?"

"And—tantalising."

"To paint?"

"No."

"What then? What d' you want to do with it?"

"Pay tribute."

"No nymph would refuse to let an artist do that."

So he took her hand, kissed the tips of her fingers, looked up into her eyes, then lingeringly kissed its soft palm.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "So you *are* bad, after all!"

"It 's no fault of mine. You simply asked for trouble. You said so. Remember?"

"I didn't. I only said people would say I 'd asked for it."

"I agree with them," he said. "It 's my first line of defence."

"And what 's mine?"

"You 've none, first or last."

"Except that you 'll miss your coach!"

"Crash my coach!"

"But——"

"But what?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" she whispered.

"You 're right," he said, under his breath. "Nothing does."

WHEN, two hours later, Wyndham was passing by the Tudor bookshop, he remembered Mrs. Waldron telling him that she had already sold some of her books there.

Under his arm he carried the *History of Heresie* and the volume of *Tracts*, which he had insisted on buying at the nameless bishop's valuation.

He went in and laid the books on the counter. A very ancient man in a greenish-black frock coat emerged from the shadows and quavered:

"Ah, my old friends! Back so soon! It can't be more than six weeks since I saw them last. Seven-and-six the two, sir."

"Seven-and-six! But——"

"I wouldn't offer you the sixpence for 'em, only I 'm an honest man, and I 'm sure she 'll pop in and buy them back again to-morrow."

"Who will?" Wyndham managed to ask.

"Mrs. Waldron," said the old fellow, producing three half-crowns. "Ten bob she gives me for 'em—always."

THE END

THE BYSTANDER

346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Revised from January 1, 1935).

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, No Extras	Three Months, No Extras
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THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1936

Jan. 26	Monte Carlo Opera Season opens with Wagner's "Ring."
Jan. 29–Feb. 2	Monte Carlo Motor Rally.
Feb. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.
Feb. 16	Tennis Competition for the Cup presented by T.S.H. Princess Antoinette and Prince Rainier of Monaco.
Feb. 19	Music—Liszt Festival, Conducted by George Georgesco.
Feb. 20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—Sporting Club Challenge Cup.
Feb. 21	Classical Concert, with Mlle. Erica Morini.
Feb. 22	Monte Carlo Opera—Gala Performance and Charity Ball.
Feb. 24–March 1	Monte Carlo Country Club—Grand International Tennis Tournament.
Feb. 27	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Rivett-Carnac" Challenge Cup.
March 1	Winter Sports—Annual Downhill Race at La Colmiane.
March 4	Berlioz' Requiem, Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
March 5	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
March 6	Music—Gala Concert, Conducted by Richard Strauss.
March 8	Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
March 19–20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The President's Challenge Cup.
March 25	Classical Concert, with Mme. Elisabeth Schumann.
March 27	Grand Recital by Mme. Elisabeth Schumann.
March 28	International Dog Show.
April 1	Gala Concert, with Mme. Lotte Lehmann.
April 2	Monte Carlo Theatre—Opening of the Ballet Season.

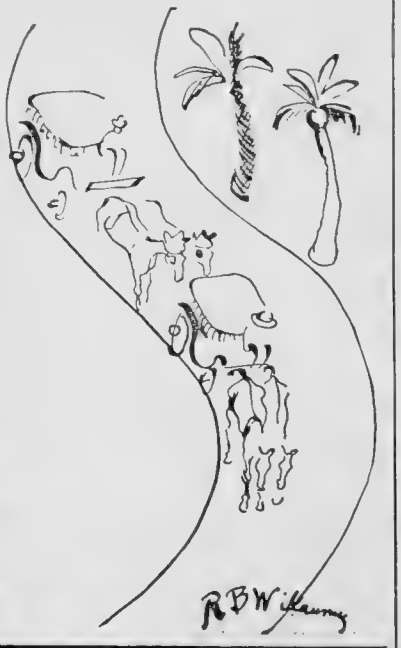
The Monte Carlo Music Season continues throughout April, during which month Kreisler will appear on two occasions. The Opera Season runs until the end of March, and amongst other distinguished Singers who will be heard are Lily Pons, Autori and Chaliapine. The Comedy and Operetta season also continues until the end of March at the Théâtre des Beaux Arts.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the beginning of April—the programme for January has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

Travel Arrangements

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5*s.*
Return Sleeper, £9 19*s.* 2*d.*
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0*s.* 2*d.*
Return Sleeper, £8 17*s.* 10*d.*
30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.
AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1*s.*
SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.
HOTELS—Hotel de Paris.—Full pension terms from 30*s.* per day.
Hotel Hermitage.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
Hotel Metropole.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

*At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10*s. *per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.*



Monte Carlo

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A Rule of Three

THERE are three essentials in every treatment: namely, cleansing, toning, and nourishing. The first of these is achieved by Jay's Complexion Milk, a delightfully soothing and emollient lotion which sinks right into the pores and draws out all the dust and dirt which have accumulated throughout the day. Then, for nourishing the tissues and strengthening the muscles, there is a Cleansing Cream which should be applied generously every evening after using the cleansing milk. As its name implies, it performs a double work, and clears the skin, ridding it of any deep-seated impurities, and leaving it firm and smooth.

A Foundation for Make-up

IN the morning, after washing with cold water, pat the face briskly all over with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in Skin Tonic. This will contract relaxed pores and stimulate the circulation, so that the skin is alive and glowing. Then apply a thin film of Jay's Beauty Cream (3s. 6d. a jar), which makes an ideal powder foundation, and imparts to the skin a youthful and transparent bloom.

Lenare

Appreciating the fact that every woman requires at least two perfumes, one for day and one for evening, Jay's, Regent Street, have included among their new preparations, two exquisite perfumes: No. 1 Special, which has a subtle, elusive fragrance, and Bouquet Supreme, which is gay and enchanting. A few drops on the handkerchief and behind the ears is quite sufficient, and will last throughout the day or evening

The Editor's Box

A Book for the Kiddies

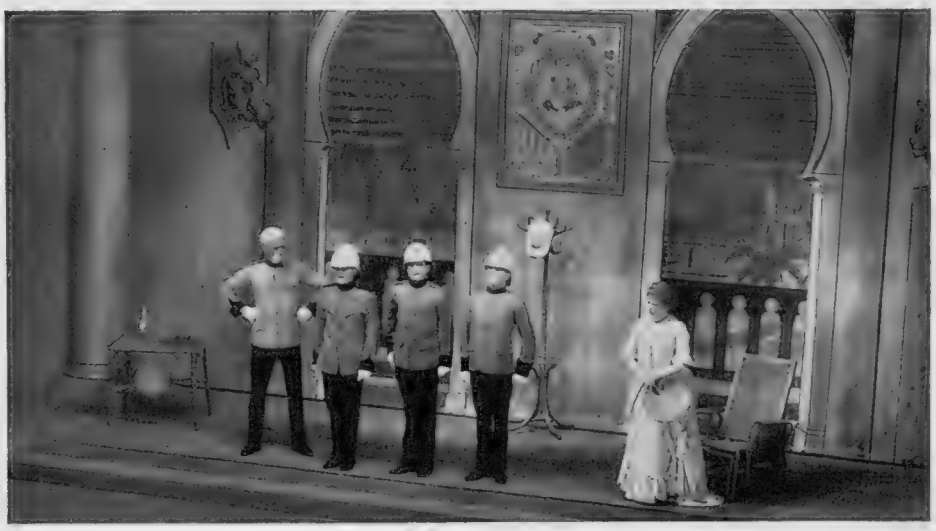
Stanley Lupino is not only one of the greatest comedians on the stage to-day, he is also the author of a delightful book which should find a treasured place in every nursery. Just before he and his wife, Connie Emerald, sailed on their first trip to America, their small daughters, Ida—now herself a film star—and Rita, demanded that Daddy should write a book for them as atonement for his temporary desertion. Obediently, he sat down, and *The Clown They Could Not Kill* was the outcome. Illustrated by Adam E. Horne, and published by A. B. Campbell and Co. at 2s. 6d., it keeps alive the old tradition of Clown and Harlequin, and as such will be a joy to every right-minded child.

A Champagne of Merit

There can be little doubt that the big demand now experienced for Bollinger Champagne "Special Cuvée" is entirely due to the exceptional quality of this wine. After all, as a body, the public are sound judges, and quick to recognise and appreciate fine quality. It is all the more gratifying to know, therefore, that they insist on having the wine of their choice. The very reasonable price of Bollinger "Special Cuvée" is an additional reason for this wine being selected for Christmas entertaining.

The Bernhard Baron Charitable Trust

Grants to hospitals and various charities amounting to £41,317 10s. have been made to date by the Charitable Trust created in 1928 by the late Mr. Bernhard Baron, founder of the firm of Carreras, Ltd. Under the terms of the Trust, charitable grants were to be made each year on Mr. Bernhard Baron's birthday, when over three hundred and fifty hospitals and other charitable organisations are given cheques. The grants include £16,200 to London hospitals, £9640 to hospitals outside London, £4625 to orphanages, cripple institutions and blind associations, and £9852 10s. to Jewish charities. Since the formation of the Trust, and including this year's grants, £300,212 10s. has been distributed. The Trustees are: the Marquess of Reading, Mr. Edward S. Baron, Mr. H. W. Danbury, Mr. W. H. Louden, and Mr. Albert I. Belisha.



"Who's been at my Eno's?"

This scene from "1066 and All That," the historical revue, which is still going strong at the Strand Theatre, is strangely reminiscent of the posters by Bert Thomas advertising Eno's Fruit Salts. On the left and right are Charles Heslop and Clarice Hardwicke

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 25—December 31

THE THEATRE

Christmas Week Closings and Matinées not included.

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Irvine's comedy has a "to-work-or-not-to-work" theme, with Harold Warrender, Jessica Tandy, and Morris Harvey topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BLACK EYE.—There 's more fun than philosophy in this, thanks to the dialogue, Jean Cadell and Ralph Roberts; Stephen Haggard acts well as the young hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A play from the Embassy, with Frank Vosper and Barbara Couper heading a suitably distinguished cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Thea Holme is now Precious Stream; the play is a charmer, and deserves to be seen more than once: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Wilfred Grantham's historical play has Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud has taken Romeo's part from Laurence Olivier, who is now Mercutio; Peggy Ashcroft remains the perfect Juliet: New, 8.15 Wed., Sat., 2.15.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—The Christmas production: Old Vic, 8 (except Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest 's a play in herself, but Sybil Thorndike, A. E. Matthews, Ursula Jeans and Graham Browne all support this mildly improbable story: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate, with Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall and Horace Hodges: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward play lead in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRITZI.—A musical comedy, with Rosalinde Fuller as the gamine heroine, Leslie French as hero: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girl's-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 69.—A Christmas edition, including a Toy Ballet, Edna Thompson and Olive del Mar as soubrettes, Milne and West, Eric Barker, Eric Woodburn, Eddie Kelland, and a new dancer, Noni Prager: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

RIVALS!—Sheridan made into a witty operetta, with Bruce Carfax, Frederick Ranalow, Elsie French: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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SEEING STARS.—Leslie Henson is the star, Florence Desmond and Louise Browne also twinkle; the show is gay, the story non-existent: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSIDE STAND.—Ralph Lynn gets his own typical fun (so does Olive Blakeney in her way) out of Wodehouse's crook-play: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams's acting as the young murderer in his own intelligent thriller is excellent; so is the play's humour; it must be seen: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OUR OWN LIVES.—Irene Vanbrugh queens a mild comedy of no one doing what they want; Lady Tree and Laura Cowie are fun: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—If it wasn't for Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire, one wouldn't be interested: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past. present, to come: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30,

VICKY.—Light and sentimental comedy for those who like it, with a Viennese label; Aileen Marson and Jack Melford are heroine and hero: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS.—Bigger and better than ever—it always is: Olympia, 2.30, 7.30.

BLUE BELL IN FAIRYLAND.—Lorna Hubbard in Seymour Hicks's musical dream-play: Scala, 2.30 and 8.

BUCKIE'S BEARS.—Alma Taylor and Frank Freeman are in it: Garrick, 2 and 5.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Binnie Hale is principal boy, Marjorie Browne, Charles Heslop, Shaun Glenville: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

PETER PAN.—Nova Pilbeam as Peter, Violet Loxley as Wendy, Carol Goodner as Mrs. Darling, George Hayes as Hook: Palladium, matinées, 2.15.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY; or, WHAT A WITCH! is the Charlot pantomime with Nancy Burne as the Princess, Patrick Waddington as the Prince, Nellie Wallace and Bert Coote: Vaudeville, 2.30 and 8.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Silver Jubilee production: Holborn Empire, 2.15.

CINEMAS

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936.—A constellation of stars in a song-and-dance show de luxe: Empire.

CURLY TOP.—Shirley Temple shedding sweetness and light in a pleasant domestic story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

EPISODE.—A post-war Vienna setting, with Paula Wessely as the art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—Another Walls-Lynn-Hare team-up in a new farce by Ben Travers: Capitol.

THE GHOST GOES WEST.—Robert Donat and Patricia Hilliard in an unusual story of old Scotland and modern America: Leicester Square Theatre.

THE GUV'NOR.—George Arliss as one of life's failures who is able to foil a gang of financial sharks: New Gallery.

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ.—Lilian Harvey in her first British film proves as attractive as ever in a romantic part: Regal.

LA BANDÉRA.—Annabella is in this melodrama with a Spanish setting, and Jean Gabin plays opposite her: Curzon.

THE MELODY LINGERS ON.—Josephine Hutchinson and George Houston in a new Edward Small production: London Pavilion.

MOSCOW NIGHTS.—Harry Baur, Laurence Olivier and Penelope Dudley Ward are worth seeing in the film of war-time Russia: Astoria.

THANKS A MILLION.—Plenty of music and singing, with Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak, and Paul Whiteman and Band. Also SILLY SYMPHONY, MUSICLAND: Tivoli.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:
- HANSEL AND GRETEL; preceded by NURSERY SUITE Ballet: December 26th, 2.30.
- MADAM BUTTERFLY: December 26th, 8.
- THE SNOW MAIDEN: December 28th, 2.30.
- LA BOHÈME: December 28th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
- NURSERY SUITE, BAISER DE LA FÉE, DOUANES: December 27th, 8.30.
- HAUNTED BALLROOM, BLUE BIRD, FAÇADE, RAKE'S PROGRESS: December 31st, 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN.—The new English company has Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin for stars, and a répertoire of new and classical ballets: Duke of York's.

MUSIC

WINTER PROMENADES.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. for a two-weeks' season: Queen's Hall, 8.

December 30th: the large programme includes Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No. 2 (Solomon), Delius's "Brigg Fair"; Eva Turner sings.

December 31st: Tchaikowsky concert—includes Symphony No. 6, Violin Concerto in D (Antonio Brosa), Songs (Harold Williams).

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Lita Grey Chaplin sings—her first cabaret appearance here; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—There 's always a three-turn cabaret; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—Les Girls dance and sing, Diana Ward croons, and the Caligary Brothers indescribably perform; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936—a girls, music and star-turn show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The "Jardin Fleuri" includes good cabaret; Harry Roy plays for dancing: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but Mantovani's band is excellent; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

AND we have the Best Show
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GETTING MARRIED:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Faith Varley

Is the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Varley, of 21, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, and has announced her engagement to R. M. Hilary Noble, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Noble, whose home is at 79, Chester Square, S.W.1

Stuart Hamilton

Halcyone Low

Is the daughter of Mr. A. M. Low, of 18, Connaught Street, W.2, and of Mrs. Bridges, of Nigeria, and is to marry Donald, M. Wright, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wright, of Woodfield, Beckenham, Kent

Stuart Hamilton

Lucia Richards

Is the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. Richards, and the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Buckland Cooper, of 25, Elvaston Place, S.W.7; she is engaged to Ronald Croft, the only son of Mr. C. M. Croft, J.P., M.I.C.E., and Mrs. Croft, of 47, Lytton Grove, Putney

Stuart Hamilton

Betty Daniel

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Daniel, of Addlestone House, Addlestone, Surrey; she is to marry James Greenshields, the elder son of the late Mr. A. J. Greenshields, and of Mrs. Greenshields, of Joséfina, Ballesteros, Argentina

Kay Vaughan

Yvonne Alabaster

Is the elder daughter of Mr. G. H. Alabaster and Mrs. Alabaster, of 104, West Hill, S.W.15; she is engaged to John Harvey Sutcliffe Eve, the eldest son of Mr. P. J. C. Eve and Mrs. Eve, of the Manor House, Cheam, Surrey

Kay Vaughan

Rosemary Snelling

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Snelling, of 59, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, and is to marry Patrick Boyle Lake Coghlan, the elder son of Mr. H. Lake Coghlan, of Orchard Syde, Weybridge, Surrey, and of the late Mrs. Lake Coghlan

Pearl Freeman

Peggy Trent

Is engaged to Charles A. Richards, A.R.I.B.A., the son of the late Mr. A. Richards, and of Mrs. Richards, of Santos, Brazil; she is the elder daughter of Mr. A. Newbury Trent, R.B.S., and Mrs. Trent, of 1, Beaufort St., Chelsea

Pearl Freeman

Joan Brierley

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Brierley, of Esmond Gardens, W.4, and she has announced her engagement to Roger William Osborn, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Osborn, of Petts Wood, Kent

Douglas

Lorna Green

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Green, of Grey Gates, Harpenden, and is engaged to marry H. E. S. Bird, the second son of the late Mr. A. C. Bird, and of Mrs. Bird, of Great Gransden, Sandy, Bedfordshire

Joy Mowbray Green

The noted lawn tennis player, is engaged to John Hunt, the 60th Rifles, the son of the late Captain C. Hunt, and of Mrs. Hunt, of Eastbourne; she is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Mowbray Green, of 198, Rivermead Court, S.W.6

Bassano

Eleanor Christie

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Christie, of the Red House, Camberley, and is engaged to Captain R. S. Nisbet, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Nisbet, of Stobshiel House, Humbie, East Lothian

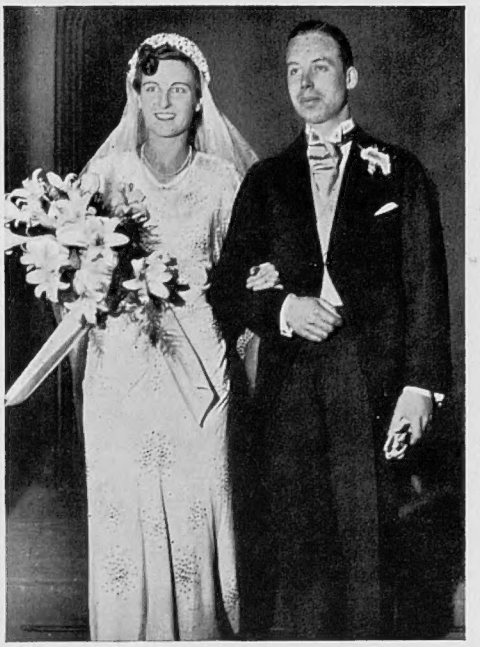
Navana

Sybil Leyland

Is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Leyland, of Weston Hall, Nuneaton, and has announced her engagement to David Kemsley, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Kemsley, of Thrifts Hill, Theydon Bois, Essex

Marindin — Webber

Capt. Philip Charles Marindin, M.C., the son of the late Mr. C. R. Marindin, and of Mrs. Marindin, of Loddon, Twyford, Berks, and Geraldine Webber, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. M. R. N. Webber, of Brynn Bellan, Mold, were married at St. Mary's Church, Mold



Urquhart — Bartlett

Wilfred Taylor Gordon Urquhart, of Dalkeith, Midlothian, and Doris Winifred Bartlett were married at Christ Church, Woburn Square; the bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bartlett, whose home is at Cockfosters, Hadley Wood, Hertfordshire

Walker — Orr

George Edward Orr Walker, the son of Mr. Archibald Walker, who lives at Newark Castle, Ayr, and Margaret Sybil Orr, of Kilduff House, Drem, East Lothian, were married in the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, in Edinburgh

Webb — Kerrison

Left: Charles Fortescue Webb, the son of Capt. and Mrs. Clement Webb, of Palace House, Hyde Park, and Barbara Eileen Constance Kerrison, the daughter of the late Mr. R. Kerrison, and of Mrs. Kerrison, of 147, Victoria Street, S.W., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Right: Norman John Hulbert, M.P., the son of the late Mr. N. Hulbert, and of Mrs. Hulbert, of Top of the Hill, Roedean, Sussex, and Helen Margaret Tyler, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Tyler, of Westridge, St. Stephen's, Canterbury, were married at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand

Hulbert — Tyler

Shuckburgh — Bell

Charles Gerald Shuckburgh, the elder son of Sir Gerald and Lady Shuckburgh of Shuckburgh, and Remony Bell, the only daughter of the late Mr. F. N. Bell, and of Mrs. F. N. Bell, of 41, Orchard Court, Portman Square, were married at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street

Gosling — Russell

William Douglas Gosling, the eldest son of Major W. S. Gosling and of Lady Victoria Gosling, of Hassobury, Bishop's Stortford, and Rosemary Russell, the second daughter of the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Russell, of 28, Hornton Street, Kensington, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street

Christie-Miller — MacDermot

Wakefield Christie-Miller, Royal Ulster Rifles, the son of Col. and Mrs. Christie-Miller, of Stapeley House, Cheshire, and Moira MacDermot, the daughter of The MacDermot of Coolavin, Ballaghaderreen, Ireland, were married at the Church of the Assumption in Warwick Street

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SPORTS EVENTS:

In December and January	VIENNA: International Ice Hockey Tournament.
In January	BADGASTEIN (Salzburg): Toboggan & Ski Races.
25th January	BAD ISCHL (Upper Austria): Austrian Ski Mastership
17th to 19th February	SEEFELD (Tyrol): International Ski Jumping and Slalom Competition, International Skating Competition.
21st and 22nd February	INNSBRUCK (Tyrol): F.I.S. Races, 1936. (Ski and Slalom Competition of the Fédération Internationale de Ski.) In connection with the F.I.S. Races from February 17th to 24th numerous Winter Sport Events: Curling, Skating, Ice Hockey, etc.
22nd and 23rd February	SEMMERING (Two hours from Vienna): International Bobsleigh Race. 1st March: International Ski-Jumping of the Masters for the Zimdin Cup.
23rd February	KLAGENFURT (Carinthia): International Ski-Jumping.
25th February	KITZBUEHEL: International Ski-Jumping Race.
29th February	LECH ON THE ARLBERG (Vorarlberg): Madloch Race, Ski-Racing.
3rd May	ST. CHRISTOPH ON THE ARLBERG (Tyrol): May Ski-Race.
31st May	HEILIGENBLUT (Carinthia): International Glockner Ski Race.

SOCIAL EVENTS:

25th January	VIENNA: Opera Ball.
25th January to 3rd February	VIENNA and SEMMERING (near Vienna): International Bridge Tournament of the Austrian Bridge League.
6th February	VIENNA: Ball of the City of Vienna in the Town Hall.
In January and February	VIENNA: Artist Balls, Hunter Balls, Bals Masqués, Costume Balls.
8th to 14th March	VIENNA: Vienna International Fair.

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